







"You always think the worst, Helen. No, I am not calling you from a bar!"

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CONTENTS







LENA ANDERSON

Gypsy Photography by DigitalDesire.com

36 SCARLETT BLOOM

Blossom Photography by DigitalDesire.com

50 EMMA HIX & RYAN KEELY

MILF Mania Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

60 **HAYDEN HAWKENS**

Heart of the Country Photography by Tammy Sands

88 **SADIE SANTANA & LISEY SWEET**

Swingers Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

130 **DEIDRE HOLLAND**

Good Lay, Mate! Classic Photography by Clive McLean

28 DANI DANIELS AKA WONDER WOMAN

Porn powerhouse Dani Daniels takes us behind the scenes of her new Amazon hit to talk about stripping, sucking all the D and helping her long-lost sister in Ghana. But please don't send money! Interview by T.S. Farley. Photography by Marius Bugge.

46 LAST HO DOWN AT THE BUNNYRANCH

A special tribute to Dennis Hof, America's pimp master, the man who launched the bordello business into the 21st century, who won a state assembly seat—by a landslide—three weeks after his death and whose mantra was always, "The girls come first." Remembrance by Rick Sandack.

STEPHANIE MILLER: LAUGHING THROUGH THE PAIN 74

Radio host Stephanie Miller is unchained with her acid-dipped quips, on her show and her live Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour. In this offthe-chain conversation, Miller discusses storming the barricades with humor. Interview by Ed Rampell. Photography by Scott Hallock.

106 BARELY LEGAL BABYSITTER FACIALS

Teenage babysitters. Sloppy blowjobs. Full-on facials. Need we say more? Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

- **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
- ROBERT SCHEER
- **BRAD FRIEDMAN**
- 13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
- **BITS & PIECES**
- **HUSTLER HUMOR**



- HARDCORE SHOWCASE
- **BEAVER HUNT**
- COMING SOON







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HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



THE MAGIC WALL WILL NEVER HAPPEN

rump made the Great Border Wall the signature rally cry of his campaign. Aides encouraged it as a short, simple sound bite that he could remember and repeat. When the crowds roared after "And Mexico will pay for it!" it became a promise he couldn't escape. Sensing that his hardcore base was drifting away, he decided to hold the whole federal government hostage, shutting it down for weeks.

But the Mexicans are not paying for his wall, and neither are the Democrats controlling the House. Democrats and Republicans agree that more border security is needed. But a wall will not halt illegal drugs, which are for the most part smuggled in through ports of entry. Nor will it stop families seeking asylum, who are anxious to turn themselves over to immigration officials, not enter the country illegally. Trump's claims of violence also ring false. The fact is that immigrants have a lower crime rate than those born in America.

Even if you buy into Trump's paranoia that there's a national emergency on our southern border, most experts agree that a giant wall is impractical for many reasons. First, over two-thirds of borderland property is not controlled by the federal government, but by states, Native American tribes and private landowners. Trump would have to use massive eminent domain to seize much of this land—that's been tried before, resulting in a glut of prolonged lawsuits that delayed or prevented the erection of fencing. Second, a wall would disrupt water flows, violating the 1970 Boundary Treaty,

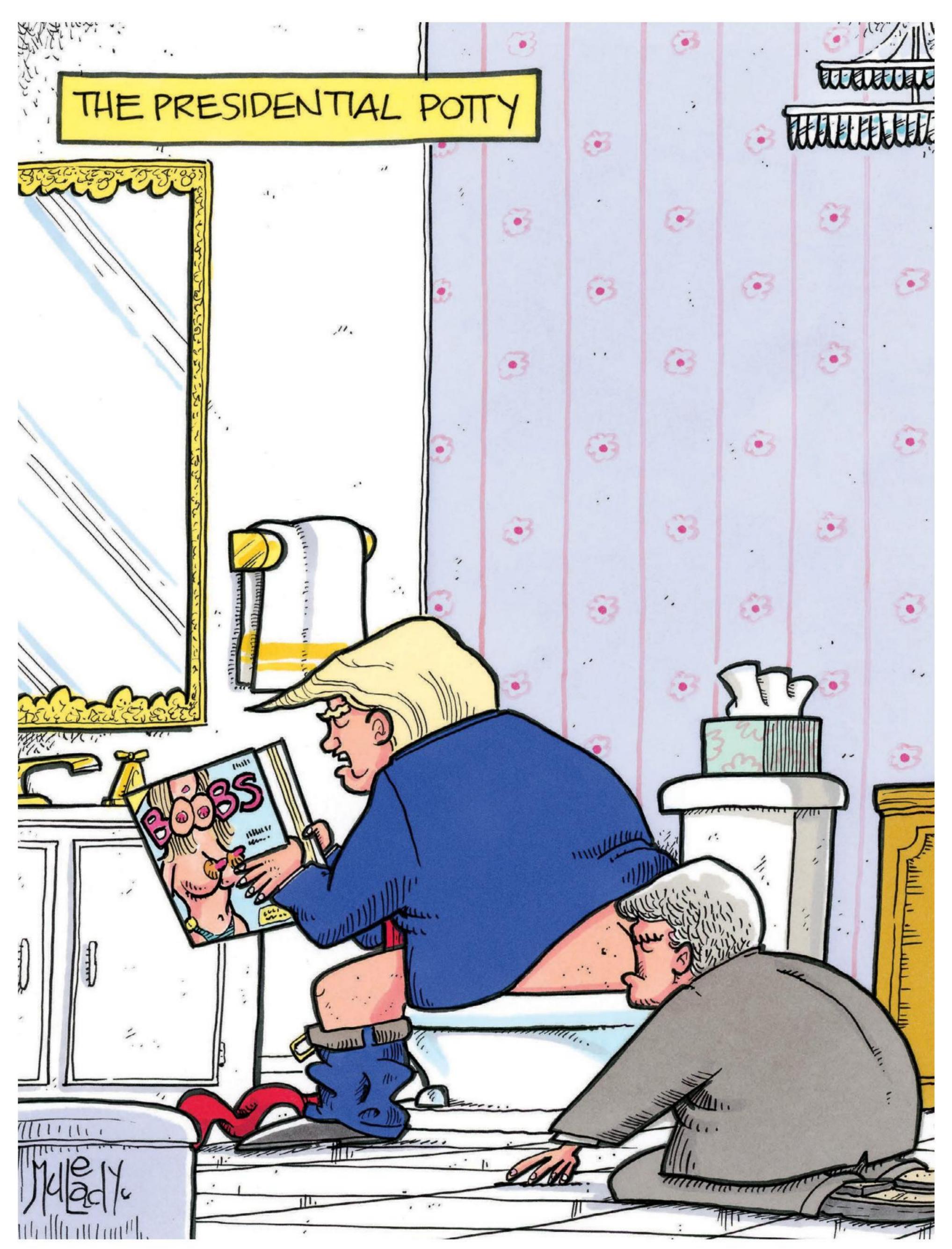
which states that the Rio Grande floodplain must remain open on both sides of the border, meaning that residents on both sides have legal rights to seasonal rains. Third, walls in some areas have already been crossed, and if you don't have a 31-foot ladder, then you can dig a tunnel.

In 2016 MIT did a study on the cost of a 30-foot-high wall running 1,000 miles along the southern border: Far more than Trump's estimated \$8 billion, it came out to more like \$31.2 billion, not including annual maintenance. And the Migration Policy Institute, studying walls around the world, concluded they were "relatively ineffective." Beyond this, the majority of illegal aliens in the U.S. do not sneak across the border at all, but simply overstay their visas.

But as usual, facts and studies do not inform Trump's decisions. He wants to spend billions on a giant, ineffective symbol to placate his xenophobic base and boost his own ego. There is no other valid reason for building such a wall. Democrats must stand firm in their opposition to this absurd boondoggle.

fry Thys

Larry Flynt Publisher



"Hey, Hannity, scoot your nose over a couple inches. I wanna wipe my ass."

THE WAR ON DRUGS WAS A BUST

THE LEGALIZATION OF RECREATIONAL MARIJUANA WILL SAVE MILLIONS OF LIVES AND BILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

ometimes a revolution happens and nobody notices. That's the case with the widespread legalization of marijuana in this country and the grinding to a halt of the U.S. government's century-old War on Drugs, which devastated the lives of millions of people around the world. It was a war in the most depressing sense of the term, an unnecessary and ruthless assault on the basic freedoms of individuals attempting to define their own lives for better or worse.

An array of psychoactive drugs had been used by people of virtually every culture and religion since the earliest of times, with varying but generally acceptable consequences. Nevertheless, in 1930 the U.S. government ratcheted up its prolonged efforts to outlaw all recreational drugs by creating the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Heading the new agency was the fanatical and arguably racist Harry J. Anslinger, who decided to single out marijuana, the mildest and most natural of mindaltering substances. Anslinger launched a crusade against the nonexistent threat of reefer madness, which for decades blossomed into an absurdly wide-ranging orgy of bloodshed and despair.

Now the War on Drugs ends not with a shout but a whimper. Strange as it may seem, the bipartisan legalization of the much-defamed marijuana joint in most states of the Union has been greeted with an apathetic acceptance. This war concluded for the same reason that all wars end: Those in power came to the realization that enormous amounts of money were being spent with marginal returns or none at all.

Even as recently as 2017 the War on Drugs cost the U.S. more than \$58 billion. In that year alone 1,632,921 Americans were arrested for violating still-existing drug laws—a staggering 85% of them for possession only. Thanks to racially biased law enforcement, almost half were black and Latino. Despite the rapid spread of marijuana legalization—currently enacted by 33 states plus the District of Columbia—600,000 people were arrested simply for pot possession in 2017.

No wonder the United States, since 1971, has spent a reported \$1 *trillion* waging its War on Drugs.

But the bad old days are clearly coming to an end as indicated by the full legalization of marijuana (medicinal and recreational) in California, the bellwether of our nation and the world's fifthlargest economy. That's the state where cannabis criminalization was first celebrated by the movie industry, which bought into drug czar Anslinger's lies and biases with regard to drug use and addiction—"Doctors cannot treat addicts even if they wish to"—race and even music. California voters

have now made marijuana cultivation and distribution a legal cash cow in the Golden State.

That's the definitive winning battle in the enduring movement to decriminalize marijuana. One advocate who was way ahead of his time was Raymond P. Shafer. In 1972 the former Pennsylvania governor headed a commission that presented a report to Congress and the public titled "Marihuana: A Signal of Misunderstanding." Concluding that cannabis is not physically addictive, a gateway drug or proven harmful in any physical or physiological way, it recommended ending pot prohibition and adopting other measures to discourage its use. President Richard Nixon, a native Californian politician, rejected the findings—"furiously," according to news accounts.

Two years earlier Nixon stupidly signed the Controlled Substances Act. This comprehensive federal law defined cannabis as a Schedule 1 drug, justifying the highest level of prohibition. It is therefore fitting that a strong majority of voters backed a promarijuana ballot initiative in Nixon's stomping ground in 2016. Twenty years after California legalized medical cannabis, Proposition 64 legalized recreational marijuana for persons aged 21 years or older and established taxes for sales and cultivation.

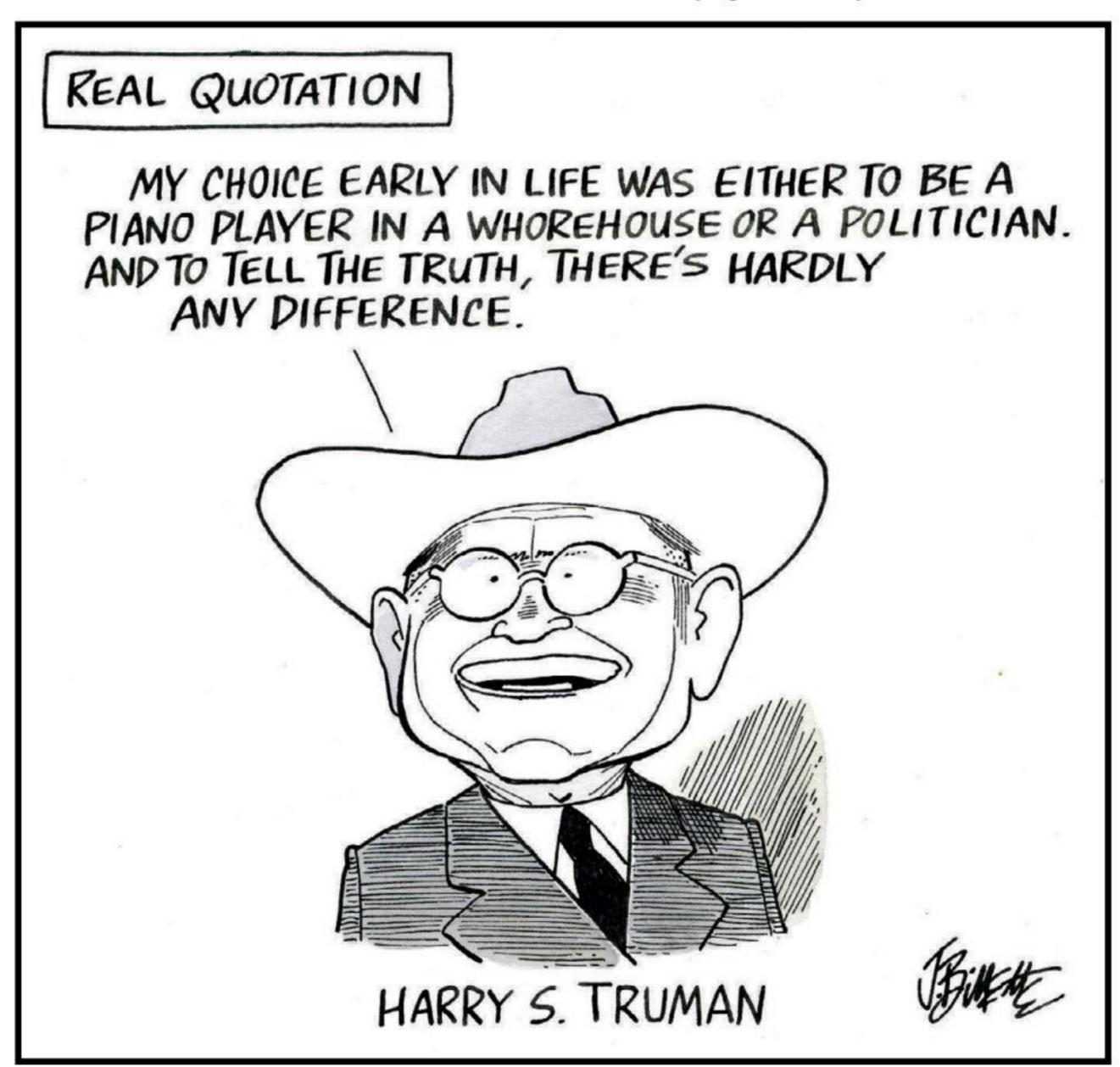
Like Colorado and other states that have de-

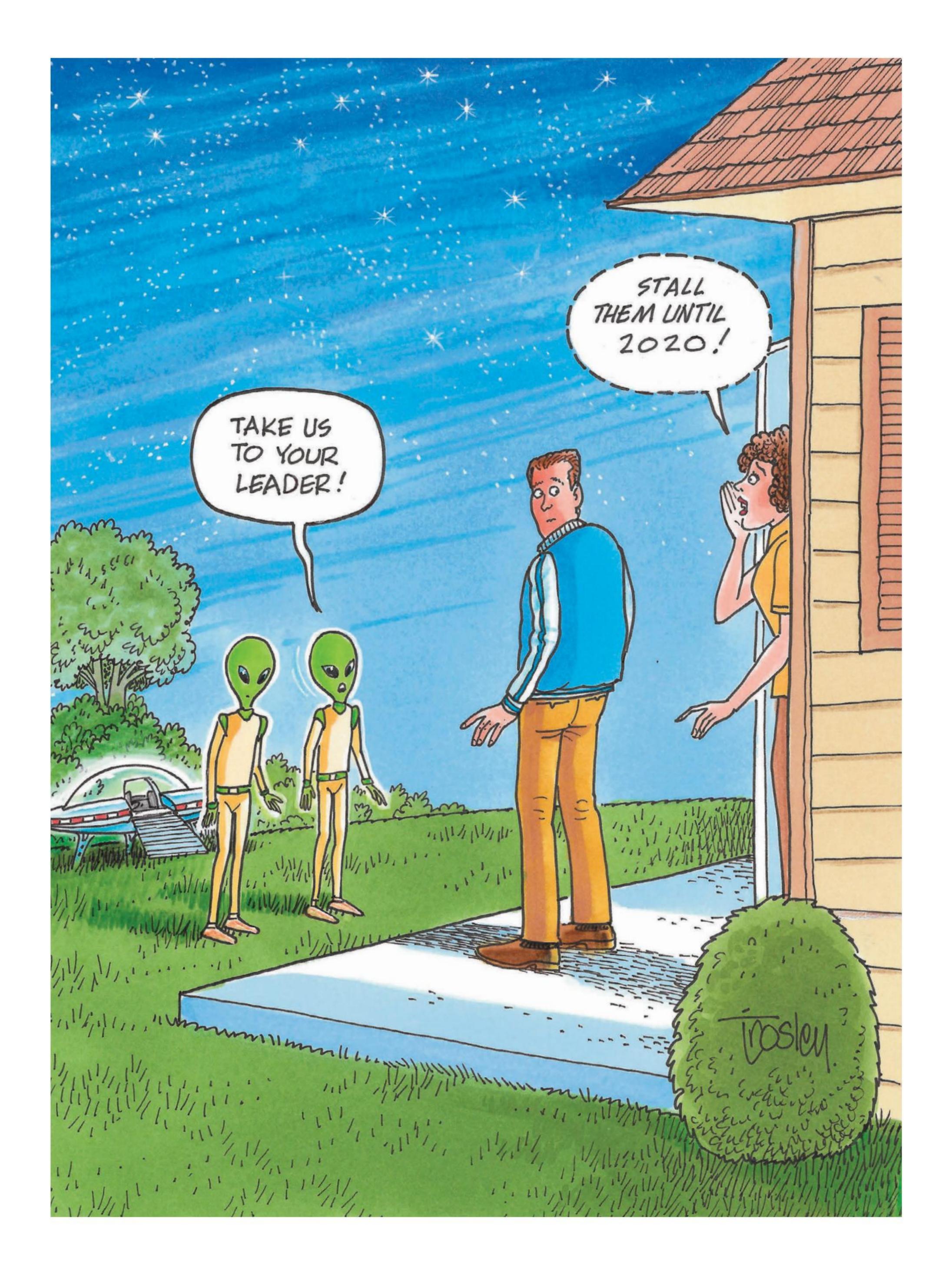
criminalized recreational weed, California has disappointed the antimarijuana force's skeptics and naysayers. There has been no evidence of reefer madness incidents. Any honest observer would have to admit that America's overwhelming drug problems are opioid abuse and the legally condoned consumption of alcoholic beverages, but no one seems to drum up reincarnating that foolhardy legacy of the Roaring Twenties—Prohibition.

Now it is time to celebrate the end of an era of persecution based on victimless crime. There is no denying that addiction is a huge problem in all aspects of life—from getting high to food consumption to gambling—but it should be treated as an illness rather than harshly punished as a crime.

In California, as across the country, fewer people will now serve time in correctional facilities due to their personal involvement with marijuana at any level. (Rigorous drug enforcement created a veritable prison-industrial complex.) And there is a movement to expunge criminal records for past drug-related convictions, which have blocked many people's employment opportunities. From a human rights perspective, things are finally looking up for those victimized by the War on Drugs.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.





INDICT HIM!

DONALD TRUMP IS A CRIMINAL AND SHOULD FACE JAIL TIME.

If Donald Trump is lucky—and he usually is—he will only be impeached. He deserves far worse: to be prosecuted as a criminal and sent to prison. If anybody else did what we now know Trump did, he or she would almost certainly face felony charges and the prospect of years in a federal penitentiary. But, of course, the Presidency has its privileges.

Growing up, I was taught that America is a nation of laws, not men. Nobody is above that law. Turns out that Trump and his supporters disagree. They seem to believe that the President—this one, anyway—is beyond the reach of law enforcement and that the only thing Special Counsel Robert Mueller's office or any federal prosecutor can do is hand Congress a report on Trump's misdeeds and hope it does the right thing. The right thing, in that case, would be voting to repeal and replace the Trump Presidency.

Our country and its Congress, however, are now so split along partisan lines that the specific tool our Founders conceived for removal of a President seems unthinkable to many. Two-thirds of the Republican-majority U.S. Senate would have to vote in favor of Trump's removal. Despite all we know about his numerous impeachable offenses—from obstruction of justice to blatant campaign finance violations at a minimum—it seems unimaginable that nearly 20 GOP senators would side with all of the chamber's Democrats in voting to terminate Trump's Presidency.

But it needn't come to that. Trump has already admitted to at least one crime: his preelection payoffs to adult film star Stormy Daniels and *Playboy* model Karen McDougal in hopes of keeping his trysts with them under wraps. Michael Cohen, Trump's former personal lawyer, and *National Enquirer* publisher David Pecker admitted under oath to their roles in the hush-money conspiracy and made clear that Trump "directed" it with the aim of affecting the outcome of the 2016 Presidential election. Federal prosecutors in New York, citing evidence to prove their case, have made similar allegations.

Never mind Mueller and whatever his team of investigators have discovered regarding alleged coordination between Russia and the Trump campaign or Trump's subsequent efforts to cover it all up. The scheme Trump ran to keep his sexual exploits from becoming public in hopes of buying a very narrow election "victory" is a criminal violation of federal campaign finance laws.

Legal and Constitutional scholars argue those same actions would result in the indictment and prosecution of virtually any other politician. When it comes to the Presidency, however, a team of disgraced Richard Nixon appointees back in 1973 cooked up the notion that a sitting President cannot be indicted. For various flawed reasons, subsequent administrations have played along with that myth.

Look closely at the U.S. Constitution, and you'll find nothing that offers special protections for an incumbent President. In fact, the text specifically notes that Presidents, who are subject to removal from office by the process of impeachment, "shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment, according to Law."

Our founding document specifically guarantees immunity from arrest to members of the Legislative Branch for anything they may say or do as part of Congressional debate. The same authors chose not to offer immunity to a criminally scofflaw President.

"The entire rationale" behind the 1973 Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel [OLC] opinion that a sitting President cannot be charged with a crime "is that indicting a President would incapacitate the Executive Branch," Craig Holman, an expert in campaign finance laws for the nonprofit Public Citizen, told me. "However, that really doesn't hold water. ... We've got the 25th Amendment to the Constitution [which stipulates that the Vice President is to take over if the President is unable to function]...so there is no incapacitation. We know the transition. So the President should be subject to indictment."

"It's crazy to assume that the framers of the impeachment power would have created a system in which even the most criminally corrupt President could permanently escape full accountability," Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe observed in a December 2018 op-ed. The Constitutional scholar, whose former students include the Supreme Court's Chief Justice John Roberts and President Barack Obama, argued that the notion forwarded by the

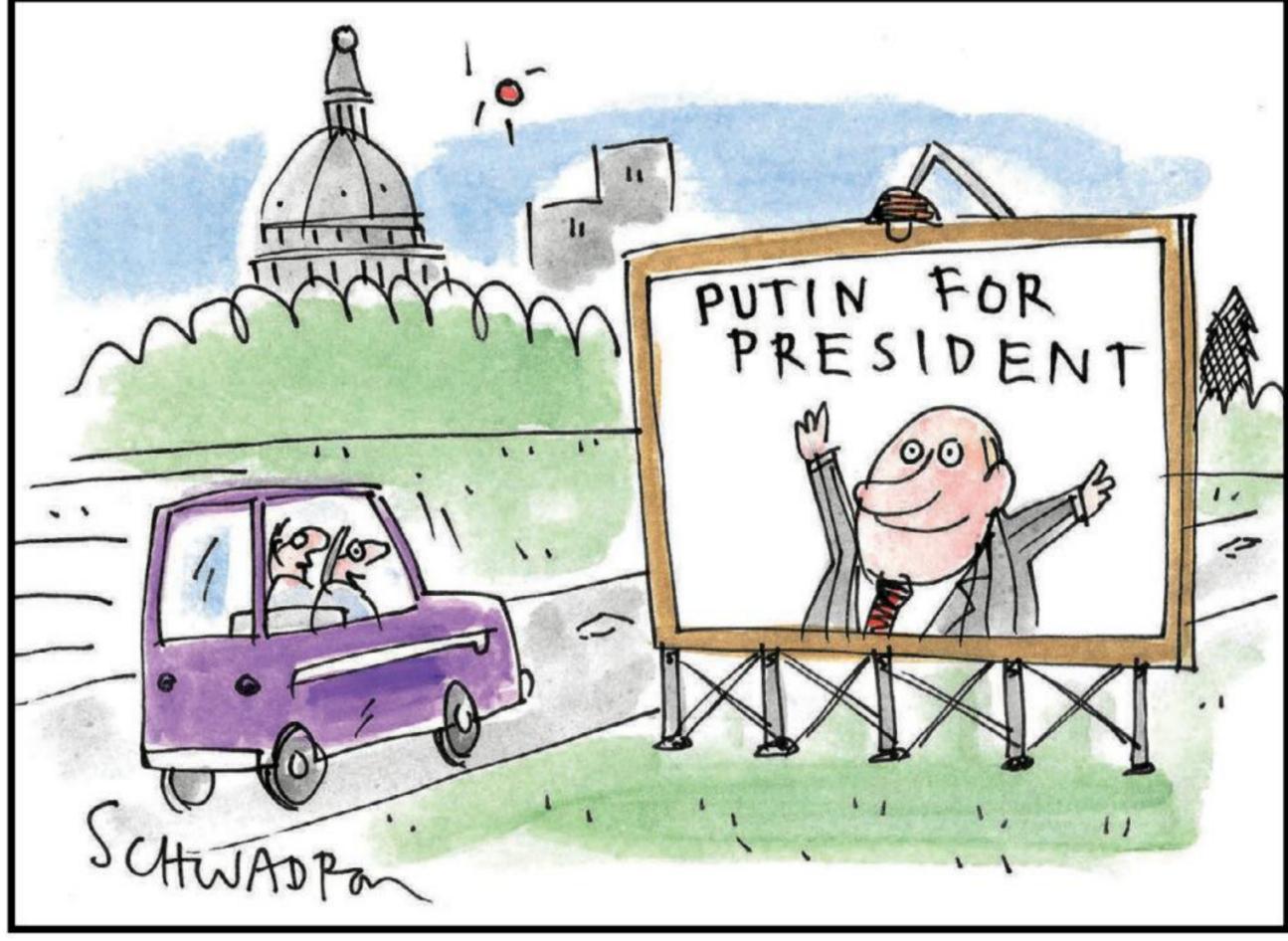
OLC relies "on the odd theory that a sitting President is just too busy to meet the demands of an ordinary criminal trial, but not too busy to stand trial in the U.S. Senate on impeachment charges."

Holman buttressed that argument, asserting that "every other government official is subject to the laws of the nation, just like you and I. We have seen many members of Congress...and other Executive Branch officials face indictment, prosecution and even imprisonment for this type of felony behavior. The only potential—and mistaken—exemption is for the President of the United States."

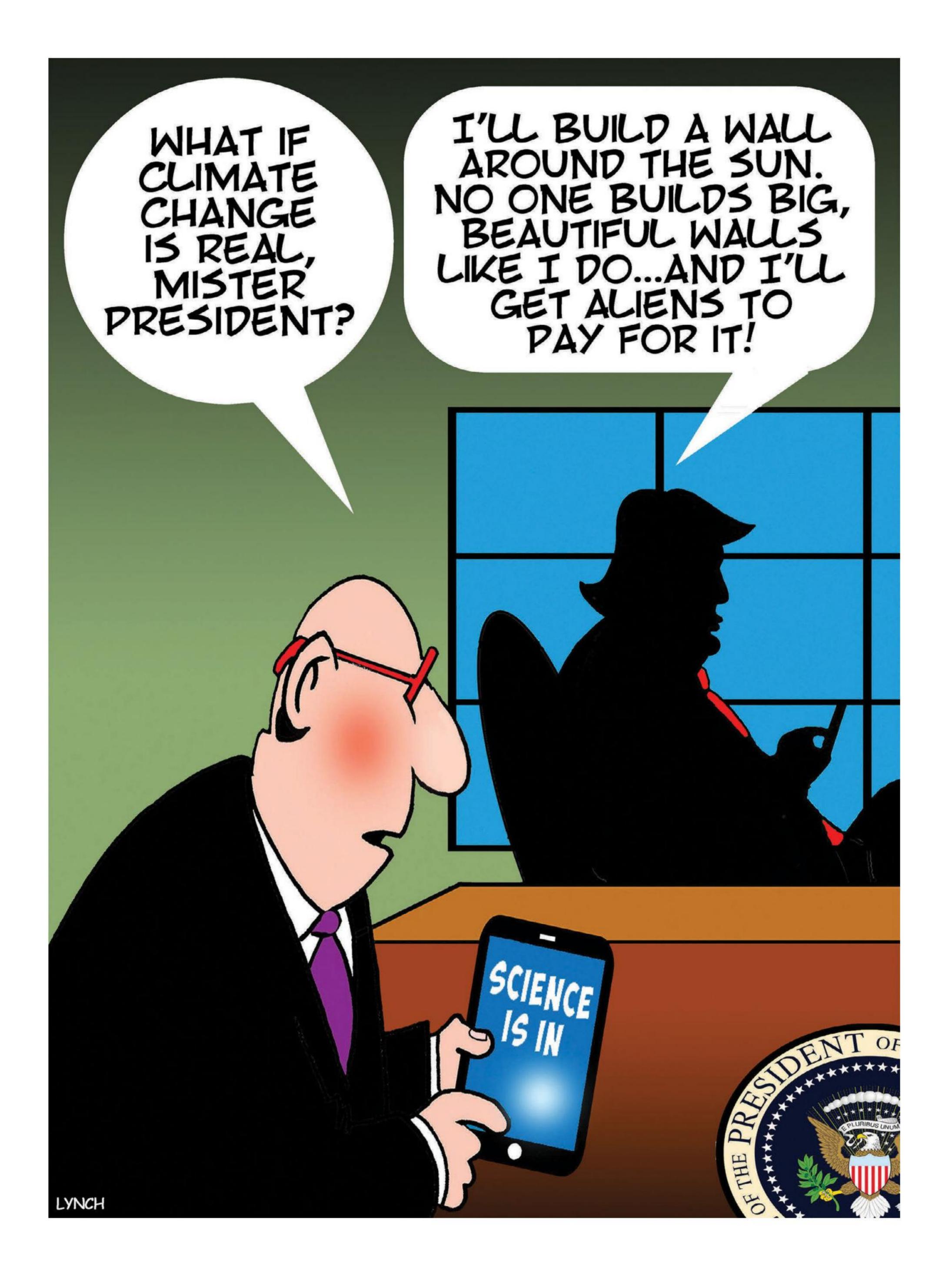
Donald Trump famously argued during the 2016 campaign that he "could stand in the middle of Fifth Avenue and shoot somebody," but still wouldn't lose any supporters. Maybe. His fans seem no more interested in the rule of law than Trump does. But for those of us who still place more stock in a reality-based world than a reality-TV Presidency, the idea that a President who murders someone in broad daylight would be allowed to escape justice, simply because he or she is the President, is absurd. Similarly, an offense that would result in the indictment, trial and potential incarceration of *any* person—in Trump's case a crime that arguably helped to steal a Presidency—should be no exception.

"Under our system of government and indeed in any Constitutional democracy, no one is above the law," Tribe declared in his op-ed. We'll see if he turns out to be right, or if the nation's most shamelessly corrupt and criminal President gets lucky yet again by merely being impeached.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"It's getting to the point in politics that anything goes."



Trump over the hump in the Presidential election, it would be Jerry Falwell Jr., son of the late Jerry Sr., founder of the Moral Majority and scourge of LGBTQ people everywhere. Falwell Sr. actually blamed gays for the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Before this, he sued HUSTLER in the '80s over a parody depicting him as an incestuous drunk. He took it all the way to the Supreme Court and lost—a case forever enshrining the First Amendment right of satirists to lampoon public figures without the chilling effect of defamation lawsuits.

Jerry Jr. inherited the mantle of white Christian leadership along with the family enterprise, Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia. Trump's main rival during the 2016 campaign, Ted Cruz, launched his candidacy at Falwell's university and lobbied hard for Jerry's support. Once Trump surged in the polls and Falwell realized that Donald was destined to become the

anointed savior of the nation, he jumped on the bandwagon. But there was a problem: The white evangelical base, crucial for any Republican victory, had not warmed to Trump—for good reason. How could sincere practitioners of Christian ethics support an egomaniacal liar who fucks around on his wives, mocks disabled people, advocates torture, amplifies racist dog whistles and harbors a sneaky admiration for neo-Nazis? The humble flock needed to be bamboozled into supporting the creep by a trusted shepherd. That was Jerry's job: herd the reluctant flock to the polls.

In January 2016 he endorsed Trump as a man who "lives a life of loving and helping others as Jesus taught in the great commandment." Jerry conveniently forgot—or just whitewashed over—all of the defrauded investors, contractors and students Trump had swindled in his long, "Christ-like" career.

After the Access Hollywood tape aired, wherein Trump bragged about grabbing women's pussies with impunity, Falwell jumped to his defense once again, writing, "God called King David a man after God's own heart even though he was an adulterer and a murderer. You have to choose the leader that would make the best king or President and not necessarily someone who would be a good pastor." Again, his evocation of scripture was half-assed: King David cried out for forgiveness. Trump never apologizes for shit.

With their consciences dulled by Falwell's stupefying excuses, the evangelical flock dutifully swarmed
to the polls and put the savior into office. After two
years of Trump's obscene occupation of the White
House, marked by sleazy sex scandals and the brutal policy of separating children from their migrant
parents, among other outrages, Falwell continued
championing his hero with threadbare rationalizations like this: "It's such a distortion of the teachings
of Jesus to say that what he taught us to do personally—to love our neighbors as ourselves, help the



JERRY FALWELL JR.

poor—can somehow be imputed on a nation. Jesus never told Caesar how to run Rome."

No, Jerry, had Jesus been put on the throne, you can bet he wouldn't have crucified heretics, called dissidents the "enemy of the people" or cut charity programs to prioritize a bloody war machine. But that's how Falwell wants to spend our tax dollars. After being reminded that the deficit and national debt had increased during Trump's first two years, Falwell insisted that the budget bill was "forced on him" and Trump had to sign it "in order to get the military spending up to where it needed to be...he had no choice because Obama had decimated the military, and it had to be rebuilt." More guns, less butter—exactly what Jesus would have ordained!

In an interview with *The Washington Post* last January, Falwell elaborated on his twisted theology: "There's the earthly kingdom and the heavenly kingdom. In the heavenly kingdom the responsibility is to treat others as you'd like to be treated. In the earthly kingdom the responsibility is to choose leaders who will do what's best for your country.... Why have Americans been able to do more to help people in need around the world than any other country in history? It's because of free enterprise, freedom, ingenuity, entrepreneurism and wealth."

Here we go again with the "shining city upon a hill" bullshit. Ask the millions of prematurely dead souls from Vietnam, Indonesia, Chile, Iran, Greece, Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya and Syria—all courtesy of America's callous military and CIA interventions since WWII—about our wonderful altruism. A Southern Baptist pastor with more genuine moral authority, Alan Cross from Alabama, slammed Falwell over this sick "two kingdoms" tweeting: "It's the SAME

approach German Lutherans took as Hitler rose to power.... If you want to know how the German Lutheran church comprising 80-90% of all Germans collapsed into subversion to tyranny, Falwell lays out the blueprint perfectly."

In lockstep. Back in the campaign season, Liberty University alumnus and longtime board member Mark DeMoss was shitcanned for saying that Trump fails to represent the "Christ-like behavior that Liberty has spent 40 years promoting with its students." And in September 2017 dozens of L.U. graduates returned their diplomas to Falwell for having corrupted the university's "core mission and defiled its core

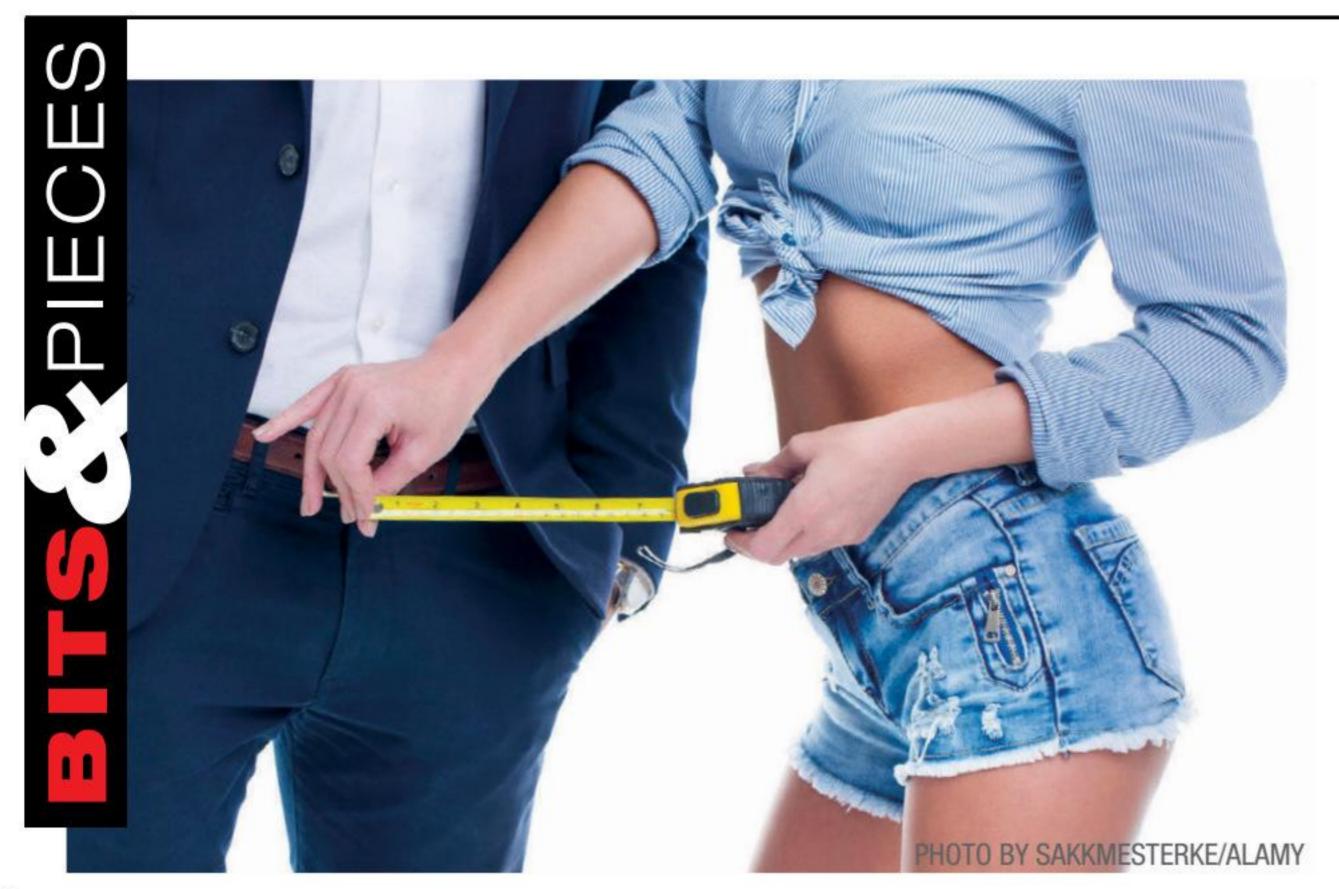
beliefs, substituting the worship of power and influence for the worship of God."

Falwell has been careful to distinguish his endorsement as a pretends not to speak for the uni-

personal one—he pretends not to speak for the university, because that could jeopardize its tax-exempt status. Liberty U. has over 15,000 students in residence in Lynchburg, with an additional 94,000 enrolled in its online program. That's where the real money is, and a lot of it comes from the federal government. In 2015 Liberty received \$345 million in federal undergraduate grant and loan programs—more than twice the amount doled out to the largest public university in the country. Thanks to this largesse, Falwell earns a cool \$900,000 per year. And tax exemptions mean Falwell can afford expensive real estate investments, including a \$4.65-million property in Miami Beach.

In 2013 Falwell provided loans totaling \$1.8 million to his son Trey and Giancario Granda, a pool attendant he and his wife befriended the previous year. The funds were used as a down payment to purchase property in Miami Beach that included a 120room hostel. Despite the evangelical background of its investors, *Politico* reported that the "flophouse" promotes values in direct opposition to Liberty's president: "The Falwell-owned hostel encourages behavior that would get Liberty students expelled —the drinking, the smoking, the advertising for strip clubs, the free shuttles to local bars, the possibility of coed sleeping arrangements and so on." The whole bizarre deal has been the subject of a lawsuit by two brothers who claim that Falwell and Granda swindled them on the project.

The American population that identifies as white and Christian has been in steady decline for years, from 80% in the mid-1970s to just 43% in 2017. There are lots of reasons, but surely one of them has to be the parade of charlatans and hypocrites donning the robes of Jesus while perpetrating their worldly sins and crimes—Bible-thumping frauds like Jerry Falwell Jr., who give faith a bad name. If Christ ever returns, his first order of business will be wielding a whip to drive these repellent false prophets and shit slingers out of his church and our public life forever.



LONG STORY SHORT: HOW TO MEASURE YOUR PENIS

The way it's debated, you'd think that dick size and the measurement thereof was akin to string theory and other hotly contested topics. But even particle physics is beholden to the facts. And so it is with unwavering objectivity that we set out to confirm once and for all how long/thick the "average" penis really is and the technique with which this is determined. Ready?

As per Vice's *In Bloom*, confusion dates back to pioneering sexologist Alfred Kinsey and the scourge of self-reporting. In the years following WWII, Kinsey determined the average erect penis to be around 6.21 inches, with an average girth of 4.85 inches. Considered gospel for decades, it is only recently that we have begun to question the decidedly shaky methodology behind these numbers, namely that you can't trust a guy to give you an honest answer when you let him measure himself. #Shocked.

Surprise. Study participants lied, and the average turns out to be smaller than we've been led to believe (participants were all white and college-aged, further distorting the true representative size). In 2014 researcher David Veale and his team at King's College in London published their groundbreaking paper, "Am I Normal? A Systematic Review and Construction of Nomograms for Flaccid and Erect Penis Length and Circumference in up to 15,521 Men." Measuring duties were handled by

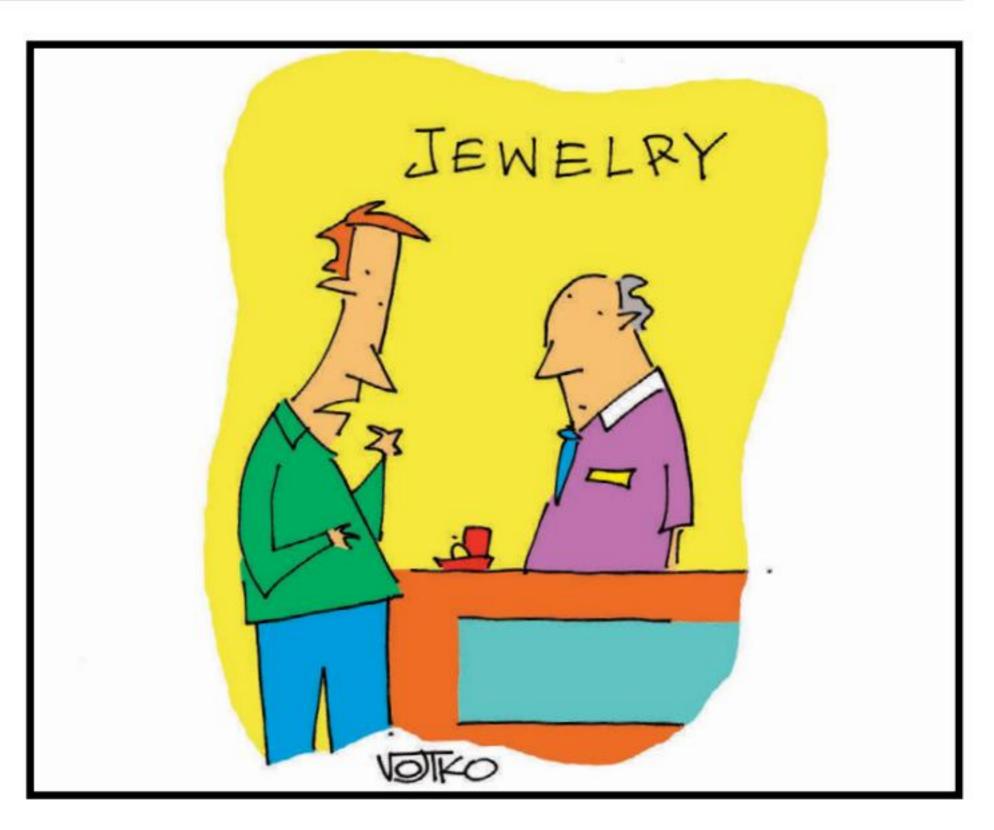
professional urologists who all "adhered to a standard measuring protocol," thus eliminating the temptation to, shall we say, round up.

The result? Veale and his crew put the true average erection at 5.16 inches in length and 4.59 inches in girth. As described by *In Bloom* (and paraphrased here), how to accurately gauge your own dimensions should be done as follows—no cheating!

- Length: Do whatever it is you do to achieve maximum stimulation.
- 2. Using a transparent plastic ruler, place it on the top surface of the penis.
- 3. Press the base of the ruler toward your pubic bone, and don't be shy about pushing it in there—every millimeter counts.
- 4. Sorry, but foreskin doesn't count—that's like measuring height according to the top hat you're wearing.
- 5. Take your reading from the very tip of the head. If your penis is significantly curved, then consider using sewing tape or a similarly non-rigid alternative.
- 6. Girth: Measuring tape is great, but all you really need is a piece of string. Wrap it around the shaft at its widest point (not too loose, not too tight), then measure with a standard ruler. Voila.
- 7. Finally, bask in the confidence of your post-Kinsey cock in all its scientifically backed glory.



"Handle that with care, girlie it's a priceless antique!"



"Something that says 'Let's fuck' without the commitment."



THE REAL FAKE NEWS: WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCES "SNITCHES GET STITCHES"

POLICY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A White House increasingly in the grip of paranoia has issued a "Snitches Get Stitches" antileak policy, forcing staffers to sign a pledge stating that they will "keep Trump's name out their mouth or get got like a little bitch."

"The phrase 'get got' is somewhat ambiguous," says legal scholar and former gang member Chet Davis, "but the addition of 'like a little bitch' implies that staffers who leak to the press, or talk to Robert Mueller, will suffer physical harm."

"We're simply asking all White House employees to be cool and sign the pledge," says Sarah Huckabee Sanders, "and not act like nogood rat-bastards." When asked if the pledge is tantamount to a physical threat, she holds up a baseball bat wrapped in chains and explains, "Accidents happen all the time. We just want everyone to be real careful-like—careful about who they may or may not talk to, careful about what they may or may not say and careful that they don't get this frickin' bat to the head, if you follow my meaning."

It's not clear to what extent the White House can enforce its new policy. "Can they legally impose a regime of silence under threat of a serious beating? It's uncharted Constitutional territory," says Davis. "Not since FDR's controversial 'Japs Get Slaps' policy has America had to deal with a rhyming threat of violence."

The pledge also requires new staffers be either beat in or sexed in. "But no one will truly respect you if you're sexed in," adds Sanders.



DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.

TRUMP SIGNS BILL PROTECTING FARMERS FROM BILL FUCKING OVER FARMERS

In an Oval Office ceremony, President Trump signed into law a bill protecting domestic producers of soy beans from retaliatory tariffs imposed by countries like China in the wake of Trump's previous legislative effort, the Fuck the Fucking Farmers Act.

FLESH-EATING BACTERIA IS RUNNING FOR CHIEF OF STAFF

According to an anonymous source within the West Wing, an especially virulent strain of necrotizing fasciitis, or "OI' Fleshy Eaty" to friends, is being considered for the Chief of Staff spot vacated by John Kelly. "It's not a done deal," says the source, "but OI' Fleshy Eaty would be a perfect fit—if we can't get Gingrich."

MNUCHIN REASSURES KIDS BY DESCRIBING MONSTERS NOT UNDER THEIR BEDS

In a move that is leaving the nation confused and afraid, Secretary of the Treasury Steve Mnuchin personally calls every American child to vividly describe the ravenous, otherworldly creatures definitely not hiding under their beds.

DANCING TEEN LEAVES CONSERVATIVES OUTRAGED...AND HORNY

Another video of freshman Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez dancing in college has surfaced, leaving many conservatives both aggrieved and titillated. "It's disgusting," notes one angrily masturbating GOP senator, "to see a politician denigrate themselves tha—Oh, God, yes!"

BORDER WALL PICKS UP SECOND SHIFT AT LITTLE CAESARS TO PAY FOR SELF

With President Trump repeatedly floating the idea that a wall along the southern border with Mexico will somehow pay for itself, unerected portions of fencing have taken it upon themselves to pick up the slack. "I don't know how else I'm going to pay for myself," says the wall. "It's crazy...bread."

MAN FORCED TO FEIGN DELIGHT AT "HILARIOUS" YOUTUBE VIDEO

In what's being hailed as an acting tour de force, Dave Smythe of Seattle was forced to affect a hearty chuckle when shown a friend's idea of a funny video. "I just smiled and laughed when my buddy laughed," says Smythe. "It was a hell I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy."

AUDIO PORN: HARD OF HEARING

Sometimes all it takes is a faint smell to trigger a reaction and inspire arousal. Similarly, take away one sense, and the others step in to process stimuli. When it comes to porn, we experience the content primarily by watching it—but have you ever just listened? Total ear-gasm.

This is the scintillatingly cerebral medium of audio porn, where words and sounds are the fuel for whatever your brain can conjure. As a delivery system for the sexually explicit, its convenience can't be beat—for instance, have you ever tried watching smut on the subway? It doesn't go over well. With the right headphones, you can secretly indulge in your deepest fantasy without anyone being the wiser (so long as you can keep a straight face).

Until recently there's never really been a central source for audio porn per se, save for loyal online communities on Reddit, YouTube and the now eviscerated Tumblr. But people

are catching on, and more options are popping up every day. Dipsea is a promising apping geared toward women. It functions not unlike a meditation app if you've ever used one, except for a significant difference: less zen and more ecstasy. Content is organized by mood and scenario, such as a tale called "Timing," which follows two friends on a double-date with respective partners who slip out for an alley quickie.

If you enjoy a healthy serving of sophisticated smut with your tea and crumpets, then Aural Honey (AuralHoney.com) is for you. It's like VR minus the headache. And if Reddit is your jam, then definitely check out r/GoneWildAudio. Users can upload their own material, from jerk-off instructions to live masturbation and detailed BDSM scenarios. Content is searchable through tags, so know how to look for what you're looking for, e.g. F4M, which is audio porn developed by women for men. Sounds good to us.



SEX WORKERS VOTE!

To say that sex workers have had a rough couple of years would be the understatement of the century. Persecuted and scapegoated since the dawn of the trade itself, folks who choose to use their bodies as they see fit have never had a voice—until maybe now?

In a spot-on analysis by *Rolling Stone*, it's looking more and more like sex workers are finally coalescing into a viable political bloc that will not be silenced or ignored. Recent events have no doubt served to catalyze

this long-simmering movement: The twin sucker punch of SESTA/FOSTA was a galvanizing moment, not to mention the highly publicized payoff of a certain adult entertainment superstar turned household name.

In just two years we've seen grassroots organizations rise up and mobilize in the face of naked aggression. Be it on social media or stilettos-on-ground demonstrations across the country, sex workers are slowly but surely educating decision-makers and voters alike that they too are

people entitled to safety, security and the right to earn a living—just like you.

And with the recent midterm elections comes hope in the form of a revitalized Congress. Women and cultural communities, both religious and ethnic, are finally in a position to challenge the status quo and effect real change. How we do this can be summed up in one word: decriminalization. From New York to San Francisco, advocates are setting the groundwork for legislation that would overhaul antiquated solicitation laws and other mechanisms designed to demonize the sex trade. It's definitely a moment, and one hopes the momentum will only continue to build.

Siouxsie Q, a prolific and vocal defender of the industry's rights, says she's never seen anything like it. "I've never seen sex workers begin organizing in the way they did following SESTA/FOSTA. Enough was enough."





"When you say 'Fuck you,' is that my place or yours?"



LENAANDERSON

GYPSY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM



















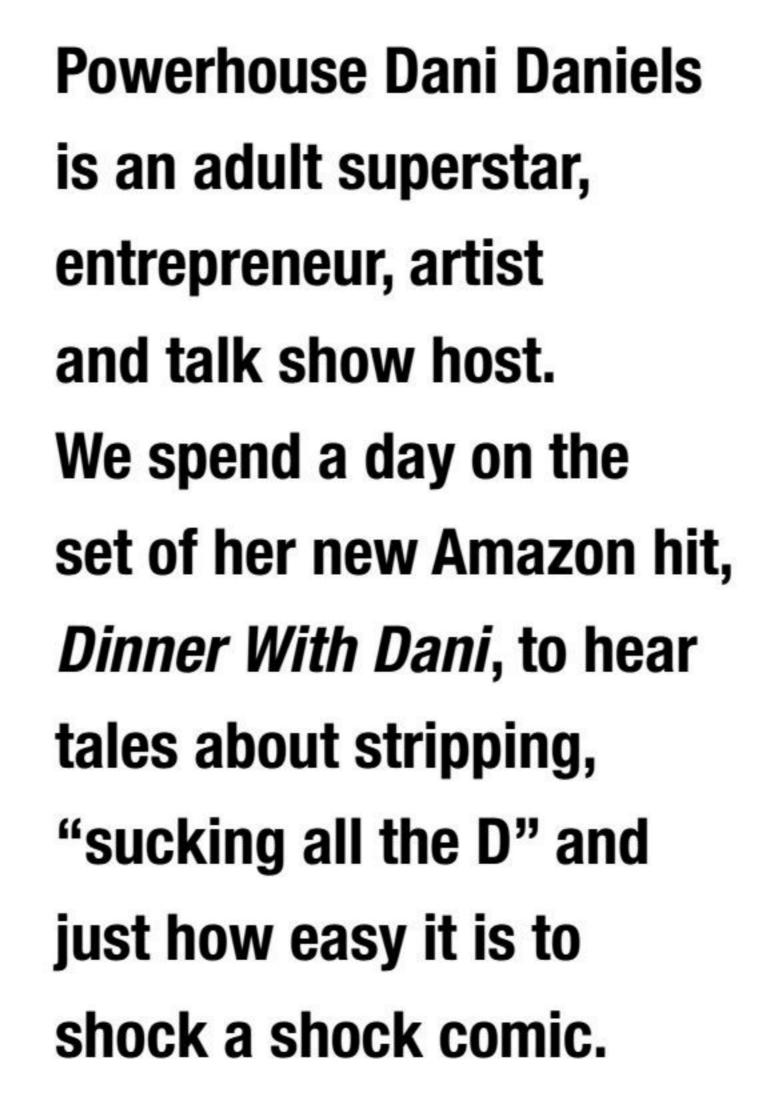








DANI DANIELS AKA WONDER WOMAN





INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

HUSTLER: Okay, first question, Do you have a long-lost sister in Ghana who needs my financial help?

DANI DANIELS: I love that that was the first question! I already like this interview.

Seriously, one of the first things that comes up when you google your name is a phishing scam involving your missing twin sister. Yeah, but I don't have any siblings. And I don't live in Ghana, so please don't send money, people! Please.

What's up with that whole thing?

I don't know. I think it's because I look like the girl next door, and I post a lot of photos of my butt—and my butthole. And people think they can use my photos to maintain a relationship by sending nudes or...I don't know. But I get it so much.

Apparently some suckers fall for the scam and send money?

I've had guys message me, yeah, angry. My husband gets death threats! One guy sent over a hundred thousand dollars, so it's insane. It's a constant battle, but I'm like, "Please tell the police. Don't send money! I don't need your money. Well, unless you're watching my new TV show or buying my art."

Where are you really from?

I'm from Orange County. For some reason it often says Portland online. Went to college in San Diego, and then I lived in Los Angeles for ten years. Now I'm in NYC. None of which are Ghana.

And I read you were raised by two mothers?

I was. My mom had a long-term girlfriend, for about eight years, so I grew up in a gay household. And it was awesome! My mom's girlfriend at the time was amazing, and so, yeah, I'm Team Two Moms.

Do you still see your second mother these days?

Um, I'm not allowed to say that because her job is very...

OMG, is she famous? Is it Madonna? Cher? Hillary Clinton?

[Dani laughs, but says nothing.]

Okay, I read that your parents wanted you to play sports when you were young so you wouldn't get pregnant?

Yes, my birth mom says that. She believed that if I was constantly playing sports, I'd have no free time to fuck, and that totally worked. My mom was like a punk kid, and she used to go out and rage to the punk shows. She was always fearful that I was gonna be the same way, so she kept me in school, kept me in sports. That was her plan. I was super nerdy, an athlete. I played soccer, volleyball, softball, track-and-field, golf... um, I'm missing a couple. Then volleyball, on the national team, won the national championship. I got offered a full ride to a bunch of schools, but I turned that down to go to art school. Broke Mom's heart.

So you had to pay for college?

Yeah. There's no sports teams at art school.

Listen, as a guy with kids, I gotta ask, couldn't you just have taken a full ride and studied art for free at one of those schools?

That's what my mom says! But I was 17 and a retard. I was like, "No,

I'm gonna be an artist—I need to express myself!" Yeah, going back, I totally would have done that.

How was art school?

It was good. I went for two years. I actually lied to my mom, told her I was studying fashion so she'd cosign my loans. Then I ended up taking every elective the art institute offered before I dropped out. I'm like, all I want to do is learn how to paint! I don't need to know English 101.

How far in debt did you end up?

I think my tally was 85 grand or something. I became a stripper right out of college, because I was like, hell, yeah, I'll show my titties. I said, "Let me get this straight: I can just dance around and show my titties and people will literally throw money at me?" So I started dancing.

Then I was dancing one night, and I heard two guys at the stage, talking—"Yeah, she's a girl-girl porn star," and I said, "What? You can do porn and just do girl-girl?" They went, "Yeah, you can do whatever you want." So I was like, I would totally fuck bitches for rent money! Like, I am okay with that. You bring me pretty girls, and I get to have sex with them? Safely? I am so down. If I'm gonna spend all night in the strip club, until three in the morning, I might as well be on set for six hours and have sex with a beautiful woman. That sounds like a way better deal.

I read that your first porn scene was for Reality Kings. Okay, so are those scenes real? Like they meet a hot girl on the street and then they're banging her on camera? Does that really happen? Tell me it's real!

Like is Bang Bus real? No, there's not a bus that drives around and picks up random girls, not tested, and fucks them. No girl has her test in her purse.

Damn. Okay, which one were you on?

I was on We Live Together, because I was only doing girls at the time. And, uh, my so-called roommate, like most porn scenarios, wasn't really my roommate.

At what point did you add men to your repertoire?

I think it was like four to five years into my career. I didn't go in wanting to do guys, but I would be on set all the time, and I'd be doing a feature, and there'd be guys on set because there would be a boy-girl scene after me. I'd meet some guys and think, *That guy's cool. I guess I could fuck him. He doesn't seem like a total tool or douchebag or anything like that.* So over the course of a year I compiled this list of men I would fuck, what I liked to call the *yes* list, instead of a *no* list. And then once I got about a dozen guys, I thought, *Okay, I guess I got a basketball team, so I'm ready to go!*

When you start doing guys, do you earn more money? How does that work?

It's kind of tricky. I guess it depends. Usually girl-girl makes less money, boy-girl makes more money, and then, as you get into anal and gangbangs and DPs, it just kinda keeps going up the ladder. But I would say solo pays the least and girl-girl the second least.

Is it true that you've won eight AVN awards?

I think so, yes. Maybe more? >>



Do you know what the record for most AVN awards is?

No. What is it? [Excited.] Is that it?

I don't know. I was asking you!

Oh. I think I have over 21 awards right now. Some were AVN, some XBIZ, some for feature dancing. And I was up for an AVN this year for my new TV show!

Congratulations! That's great! Is there a Dani Daniels Fleshlight? No, there's not a Dani Daniels Fleshlight. There is a Dani Daniels Main Squeeze stroker from Doc Johnson. Same idea.

I read that you and Doc Johnson had partnered together to do some sex toys, so is that it? Or are there others?

I originally worked with Doc Johnson, before they started to do the Main

Squeeze stroker, because I wanted a toy with a bush. Fleshlight couldn't do that, so Doc worked with me. We did a whole pussy toy with a full bush on it, the first one ever. That actually won one of my AVN awards! So then, once they started doing their Main Squeeze, they said, "Hey, do you mind if we do that as well?" I was like, "Sure, whatever. You already have my pussy mold, so use it as you will."

So you always have a bush?

Yup! Always, always.

Now, when did you start DaniDaniels.com?

2016.

And that's all you do now, correct?

All I do now is my website, my premium Snapchat, my art and my TV show. That takes up all my time. Oh, yeah, and my fragrance and fashion line. I guess I should rephrase that answer!

You have a fashion line?

I started a fashion line called Remove to Fuck.

Remove to Fuck?

Yeah, first I did a pocket T-shirt that when you pull down the pocket, it says "Wanna fuck?" I did it kind of as a joke, but they sold out in like an hour. Then I did a "Send nudes" one, and then I did socks, and now we're doing a leather jacket. I have a pair of socks that say, "Fuck me like the government." Another one that says, "Orgasm donor." Just silly, fun stuff. But the only places I get naked now are at DaniDaniels.com and DailyBush.com. That's it. I just do my own thing. I was like, how many times can you beat a dead horse? I just wanna go home and masturbate on my couch, the end. So that's what I do now.

Did your marriage last year have anything to do with that decision? It was purely coincidental. When I stopped shooting for companies, I

didn't say anything, because I didn't want to cause a scene. Plus, you never know...

You may need some cash one day, right?

Yeah, what if I go back to school and need 80 grand again? But I didn't say anything about stopping until like a year later, and then there was this rumor that, you know, she's getting married. But I was like, "Uh, no, dude, you just haven't been paying attention."



"I JUST WANT TO MESH MAINSTREAM AND PORN TOGETHER BECAUSE I THINK THE LINE IS SO THIN. I DON'T THINK PORN'S AS TABOO AS IT WAS

TEN YEARS AGO."

So you're on... What did you say earlier? JustBush.com?

DailyBush.com is my premium Snapchat. It's just a URL to go to the page. My regular Snapchat is SuckingAllTheD.

SuckingAllTheD?

SuckingAllTheD, yeah.

And to be clear, that's not the premium one? That's just the regular one?

[Laughs.] Yeah, that used to be my Instagram too, but I had to change it. You can't really have a mainstream television show when your user name is SuckingAllTheD.

You've said that one should be in porn for the "love of it, not the money," but didn't you get in for money?

I got into porn because I wanted to fuck girls. I didn't fuck girls for the money. It was like, this is a situation where I can make a significant amount of money doing something I want to explore, not because I had rent due.

So you're still with your husband?

Yes. And he's Sicilian, so watch out!

And is it a monogamous relationship? Or are you polyamorous? Tell me something good!

It's monogamous.

My dreams are dashed.

I'm a romantic, so I have a monogamous relationship. I know that's not very common. I am bisexual, and I consider sex with a woman as serious as sex with a man, but monogamy is monogamy to me. That's just my own personal belief, but to each their own.





How did you end up living in New York City?

I was pursuing my art career, and when I met my husband, he was doing PR for my art. He said, "You know, if you lived in NYC, I could really help you with your artwork. So I was like, "Okay!" Then later on down the road we started dating, we got married, and the rest is history.

Do you get recognized on the streets here?

I do, but it's different than in L.A. Here's one of the best examples: I recently went out to dinner, and the kitchen was one of those open-concept things that New York does a lot. And as I was walking by, the chef says, "Hey, Dani," and I was like, "Hey." Then I proceeded to rack my brain for ten minutes about who he was. My husband was like, "No, that's just what people do in New York." There's no, "Can I take a photo with you?" There's no running up to you on the street. New York's just very calm, cool and collected, and I like it.

Have you had any particularly memorable interactions with the fans over the years?

Most people are really nice, but I usually get looks like I'm the mistress.

The what?

You know, the mistress look. Usually it's someone with their wife or girlfriend, and they look at me with this horrified look, like I'm going to recognize them and say something. I'm like, I don't fucking know you, so don't worry; your secret is safe with me. But thanks for jerking off at my site and paying my bills! [Laughs.]

I love the artwork you brought to the studio. Tell us about it.

My art is kind of like a form of pointillism, but instead of dots, I use letters. I use lyrics and different things to make pictures. I call it typographic pointillism, which is really just a fancy word that means >>

instead of dots, I use letters. If you walk up to the Bowie over there, it's all words, all lyrics making the image. Usually I do musicians, so with them it's lyrics.

Did I see you have a Quagmire portrait?

Yeah, yeah, the Quagmire is done with words from *Family Guy*. Right now I'm doing Neil deGrasse Tyson and Bill Nye, and I'm using quotes from both of them. It's sort of people who inspire me. And I'm selfish, so unless it's a commission, I just do what I enjoy.

All of it can be found at KiraLeeArt.com?

It's kind of a combination. I've done gallery shows in New York, and I sell on my website. Plus, people will email or contact me to do commissions.

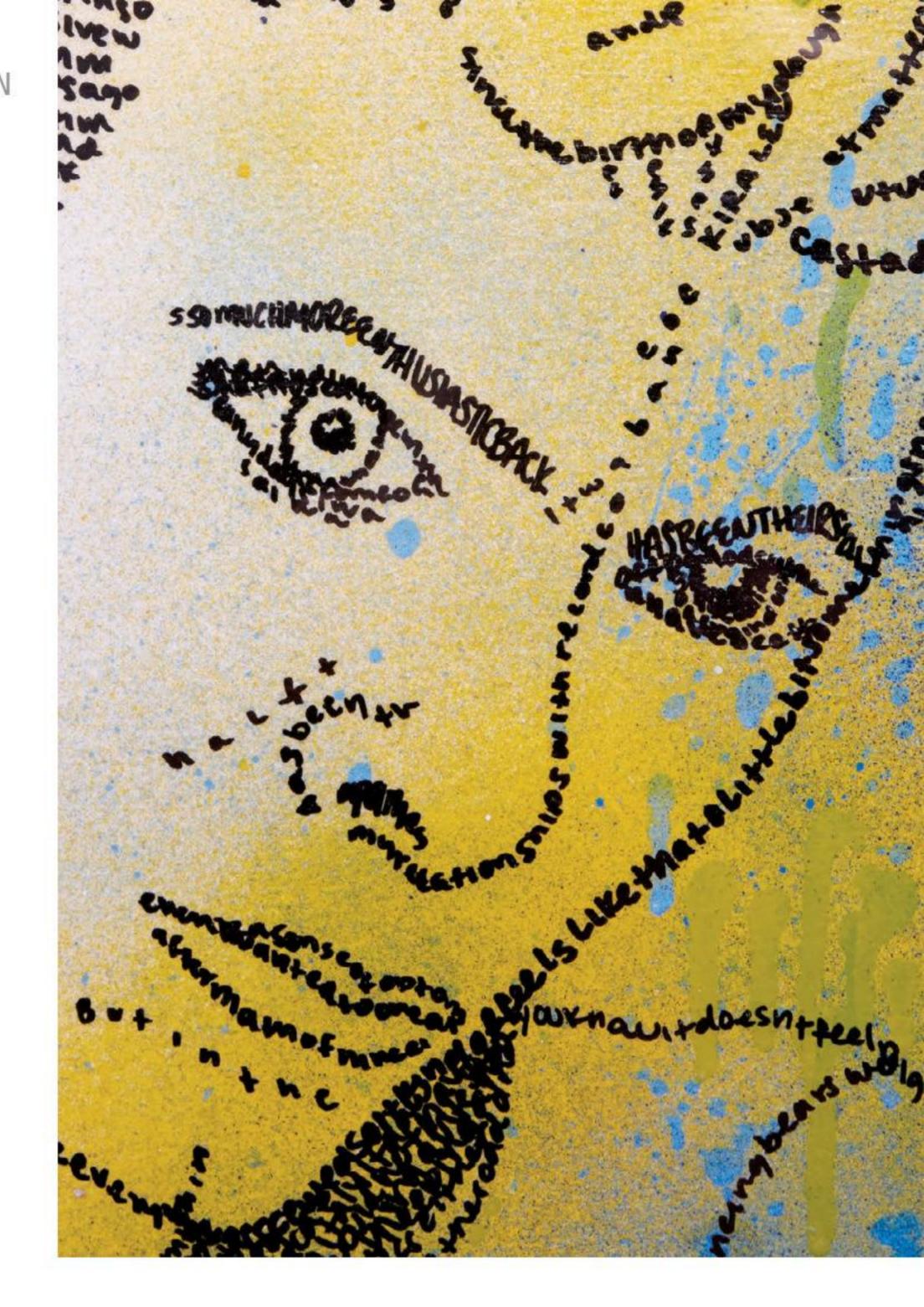
When you do an art show as Kira Lee, do people also know you are Dani Daniels?

I don't connect Dani to Kira because I feel like Dani is a character. I'm open about it, and I've got nothing to hide, but I don't feel like Dani is a part of Kira. I feel like Dani is someone I play on TV, someone who's a sarcastic asshole.

Tell me about your new TV show.

Dinner With Dani is a TV show idea I had that has taken off. It's a show on Amazon, and we're now working on doing it worldwide. I sit down with three of my friends in the adult industry, plus a wild card guest, usually a





comic or someone who pertains to the topic. We sit around and have dinner and tell stories about what it's like to work in porn or be a porn star. I want people to realize that porn is a job. Some people see it as a lifestyle.

Jim Norton was on the first episode, and though he's a pretty dirty comedian, apparently you guys managed to shock him?

The first episode, I had on Phoenix Marie, Asa Akira and Alexis Texas. It was like three women in the industry who I really, really admire, and so we just went all out and told some really vile stories. It's just the way the conversation went, and I remember Jim saying, "This is the most horrifying thing I've ever heard!" So for him to say that...

And the wild card guests?

I had a tattoo artist on when I did tattoo girls. I had a sex therapist when we talked about why people are so into MILFs. But usually comics are more fun. I just had Carole Montgomery on, who was fantastic. I believe she's in like her late 50s, and she's got that dirty mom mentality. But it's interesting to see the difference, because she didn't know what a creampie was, and I probably say *creampie* five times a day. I really, really, really want Neil deGrasse Tyson on because he's my ultimate hero. I just want to mesh mainstream and porn together because I think the line is so thin. I don't think porn's as taboo as it was ten years ago. I feel like porn is always going to be a part of my life.

Essential go-tos: Dinner With Dani on Amazon, KiraLeeArt.com, DaniDaniels.com and DailyBush.com. And don't forget to follow Dani on social media @akaDaniDaniels.





SCARLETT BLOOM BLOSSOM PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

























It was Jeremy who grew concerned about his longtime buddy when Hof, usually an early riser, failed to answer late morning calls. He discovered Hof's body, lying stiff and unresponsive, in his private suite at the Love Ranch.

Ironically it was the same suite where former NBA player Lamar Odom almost fatally OD'd in 2015, during a \$75,000 sex-fest weekend, mixing cocaine, "herbal Viagra" and nonstop hookers. No drugs were found with Hof, leading investigators to rule out foul play, though there was plenty evidence of foreplay. Hof had happily retired to his suite that night with flavor of the month bunny Dasha Dare, who returned to the bar after their two-hour sex romp, the Bunny Master's last hurrah.

"He died happy," said Ron Jeremy at Hof's memorial, held at Casino Fandango in Carson City, Nevada. More than 500 mourners attended the raucous, expletive-filled tribute, including bunny babes past and present, along with Fox News host Tucker Carlson, Hollywood Madam Heidi Fleiss and L.A. Lakers co-owner Johnny Buss. Comic Relief USA founder Bob Zmuda, a longtime patron at the ranch, summed it up fittingly: "Dennis died living the dream." The tribute was appropriately themed "Rest in Love."

HOOKERS WHO LOVE WHAT THEY DO

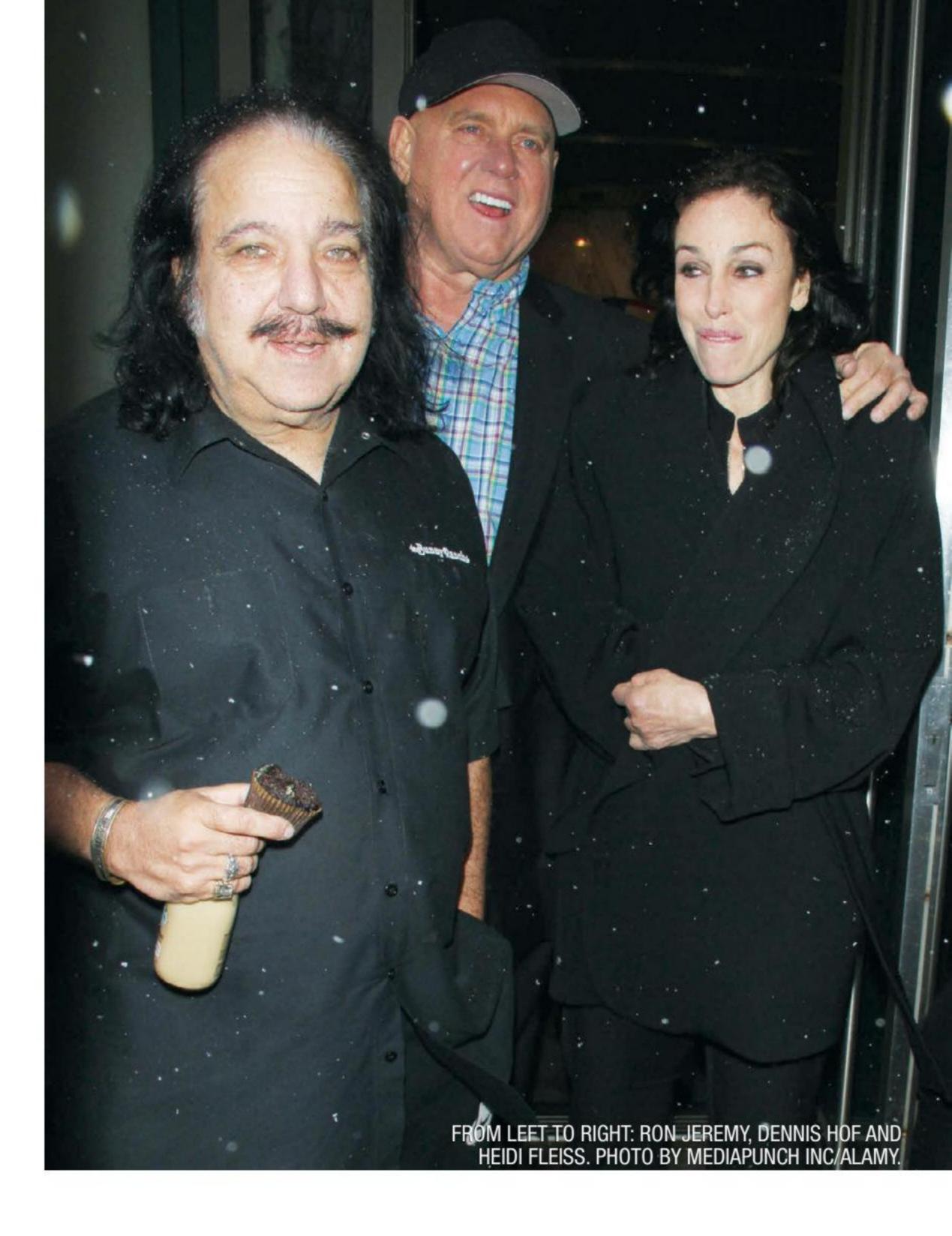
I first met Dennis in 1998, when I was writing a story for *Chic* magazine on hookers who love what they do. With no sources to flesh out the piece, I called telephone sex therapist Dr. Susan Block, whom I'd profiled in another *Chic* piece, "Reach Out and Suck Someone." Thankfully she gave me Dennis Hof's name and number as the ideal go-to guy for my story. When I called him at his headquarters at the Moonlite BunnyRanch outside Carson City, Nevada, he gladly put me on the phone with seven working

girls: Spice, Jeannine, Jewel, Ecstasy, Alex, Mardi and a sweet Georgia peach named Cheryl.

At one point in our conversation Cheryl began breathing heavily into the receiver, telling me, "I can't talk now. Dennis is giving me head." Unaware of Hof's impromptu sexual shenanigans, I asked her to please put Dennis on the phone. She did, and for the next 15 minutes he expounded on the virtues of his new-age hookers. "They don't just look like the girls next door," he said. "They are the girls next door. They're retail clerks from Nordstroms, PTA moms, school bus drivers, Domino's delivery girls, pet shop owners, even graduates from Vassar. Except instead of making \$10 an hour, they're making \$100,000 plus a year." Bingo! I had my story.

The capper to our phone chat came when he told me that he was about to hire John Wayne Bobbitt to be his VIP host/chauffeur at the BunnyRanch. Yep, the same John Wayne Bobbitt who made national headlines in 1993 when his then-wife Lorena hacked off his penis with a 12-inch carving knife. "Well, when it's official, let me know," I told him, "and I'll get you some press."

A week later Dennis called to confirm Bobbitt's employment, so I sent out a one-page press release that caught lightning in a bottle, in-undating Hof with interview requests. When he came to L.A., we met over lunch, and I told him, "You need a professional PR dude." "What does it involve?" he asked. Without hesitating, I replied, "Getting my ass up to the Moonlite BunnyRanch!"



CAUTION: BUNNIES AT PLAY

Dennis treated me to on an all-expense-paid weekend to meet the bunnies and interview him. He told me how his legal brothels were becoming a destination for the rich and famous. "You wouldn't believe who comes here," Hof said, telling me about the NFL All-Pro linebacker who liked to cross-dress in scanty evening wear; a big-name movie star who paid big bucks for a raunchy two-girl Jacuzzi party— "They flipped him like a cheese omelet!"—and a local priest who liked getting his toenails painted a ravishing fire engine red.

With a priority on discretion, the only celeb he openly talked about by name was the late comedian Andy Kaufman, who frequently visited the ranch with comedy partner Bob Zmuda. "Andy would pay to watch the hookers wrestle with each other on Friday night, and he'd wrestle the winners on Saturday night," said Dennis. "That's how he got off."

He also told me how Viagra, the anti-impotency pill that debuted on the market in April '98, had increased his brothel business by a whopping 20%. "That's the first story to go out," I told him, faxing a one-page media advisory on how Nevada's brothel business was booming thanks to Viagra. It triggered an avalanche of publicity. "Viagra-Fueled Older Guys Can't Get Enough of Nevada Fleshpots" read the headline in the *Daily News*. The report said that Hof's brothels were "putting the sex back into sexagenarian." Seniors from around the country flocked to the BunnyRanch to revive and resuscitate dormant sex lives, aided by the little blue pill that could.

THE CURE FOR THE COMMON SEX SCANDAL

1998 was also the height of the Clinton sex scandal, and Dennis, who took to publicity like Stormy Daniels took to pole dancing, had a light bulb moment. He lit up like Clinton the red-nose reindeer, thinking how cool it would be to buy Monica Lewinsky's infamous blue dress, complete with Presidential semen stain, and place it on display at the ranch. What a publicity coup!

Though Hof was unsuccessful in that bid, it didn't keep him from capitalizing on Big Daddy Bill's sexual indiscretions. Under the banner headline "The Cure for the Common Sex Scandal," we sent out a one-page fax that offered newly elected politicians a staggering 99% off on regular cathouse rates so they could avoid the disastrous fallout of sex scandals and still have steamy, outside sex. "The unprecedented offer," explained Hof, "expires at the end of the Clinton impeachment trial."

HO DOWN AT THE MOONLITE BUNNYRANCH

Armed with supersize Magnum condoms, the biggest, most protective rubbers money can buy—okay, so they were Midget Man condoms—I climbed into the front seat of the stretch limo headed for the ranch and asked myself one question: "Will I get lucky?" It was my second visit to the famed bordello to celebrate Dennis Hof's 50-something birthday bash in October 1998, billed as The Ho Down at the Moonlite BunnyRanch.

Speeding toward Mound House, Nevada, the epicenter of Nevada's red-light district, I shared this deluxe limo ride with a veritable who's who in the 15 minutes of fame category, starting with Joey Buttafuoco, an auto mechanic from Long Island who could double as a wise guy from *Goodfellas*. Best known for his adulterous sex act with a 16-year-old minor named Amy Fisher—dubbed the Long Island Lolita by the press—he was sentenced to six months in prison for statutory rape. Now a member of Dennis Hof's Sleaze Pack, he babbled incessantly about how mob boss John Gotti would make a great President. Next to him sat his long-suffering wife Mary Jo Buttafuoco, complete with a facial tic from the bullet that grazed her skull when Amy Fisher, in a jealous fit, shot her in the head with a 25-millimeter semiautomatic.

Adding to this seedy mix of profligates sat renowned pornographer Al Goldstein of *Screw* magazine fame, who immediately wolfed down a hooker when he arrived at the ranch and then crashed from jet lag.

Rounding out this high-class ensemble sat Divine Brown, best remembered as the L.A. street hooker who got caught in '95 giving oral sex to actor Hugh Grant in his rental car on Sunset Boulevard. She got Grant so hot that he repeatedly pressed the brake pedal, causing his taillights to flash on and off and alert a nearby cop, who busted them in flagrante delicto. That's Latin for caught in the act.

Last but not least, sitting behind the wheel of this high-end pussy mobile, smiling amiably, was our chauffeur, the one and only John Wayne Bobbitt. We hit it off too. "So what do people ask most when they meet you?" I ventured. "How's it hanging?" he replied as we sped past a brothel billboard with the signage: "Caution: Bunnies at Play." Next stop: the Moonlite BunnyRanch in all her glory.

LOWDOWN ON THE HO DOWN

Screw magazine ended up running my review of the Ho Down, where 250 well-mannered guests reveled in a free-flowing bar and a savory smorgasbord of grilled burgers, BBQ chicken sandwiches and Ron Jeremy-size hotdogs.

The eclectic group of partygoers mixed with Hof's world-famous

bunnies, who flashed their natural and surgically enhanced assets. "You're so lucky yours are natural. Mine cost \$10,000," said a stunning, statuesque blonde named Rio to Chloe, whose 38DDD rack was untouched by plastic surgery. "Big-breasted women are a dying breed," responded Chloe, to which I heard the reply, "Yeah, and we're just dying to breed."

Bobbing for boobies in the middle of this gigantic tit-fest stood a 6-2, 270-pound professional sex addict named Dennis Hof, who learned how to market his addiction as the biggest legal pimp in America. A cathouse visionary who starred in HBO's popular reality series *Cathouse*, he even spoke at Oxford University in England on invitation. Enlightening cream-of-the-crop scholars on how he applied basic business techniques to the world's oldest profession, he made the case that legal prostitution could be the solution to the world's economic ills.

Case in point: Nevada. The self-described P.T. Barnum of Booty applied those same basic business techniques and launched the state's bordello business into the 21st century by hiring not just top-of-the-line brothel babes, but America's most famous adult video stars. Strutting their stuff at the Ho Down were Suzi Suzuki, Kayla Kleevage, Treasure Chest and Sunset Thomas "The Princess of Porn," who told me, "The idea of having sex with my fans has always turned me on."

Antagonizing his rivals, rivaling his antagonists and relishing the limelight, Hof gave the state's sleepy brothel industry a wake-up call. Gone now are the "trick and travel" houses of the past, known as "whack shacks." In their place stand state-of-the-art pleasure palaces with spotlessly clean rooms, inviting interiors, relaxing spas and a wide range of amenities designed to satisfy their clientele's A to Z sex needs.

Gone too are the drugged-out, numbed-out whores of yore, pushed aside by the girls next door, a roster of high-end beauties who are clean, young and gorgeous. Gone is the word *whore* itself. "It's degrading, demeaning and abusive," said the brothel sage. "They're working girls, handpicked beauties that are the cleanest and best-looking in the world. So leave your misogynist, macho bullshit at the door. Or it will cost you."

And gone too is the one and only Dennis Hof, whose repetitive mantra underscored the secret to his enormous financial success. "The girls come first. When they're happy, the customers are happy! They don't have to party with anybody they don't want to, and unlike some cathouses, they're not fined for it. They're independent contractors who set their own prices, and they'll price you out of the ballpark if you're unsavory, unkempt or unpleasant."

A model of decorum himself, Hof's sage words of advice reverberate to this day: "If you want to reach the promised land with the brothel beauty of your choice, clean up your act. It's not every day you can hop into bed with a perfect ten and fulfill your deepest sexual desires. Think of your brothel as a Disneyland for adults. It's the E ride you can't get at home. If all else fails, act like you would in church. After all, you're entering a house of worship."

Oh, yeah, lest I forget, at the Ho Down Dennis also generously treated me to a couple of wild sex romps with the brothel beauties of my choice—a bosomy born-again Christian named Trinity and a dishwater blond named Deep Throat Danny—both compliments of America's Pimp Master General.

Rest in peace, Dennis Hof, and thanks for the mammaries!

















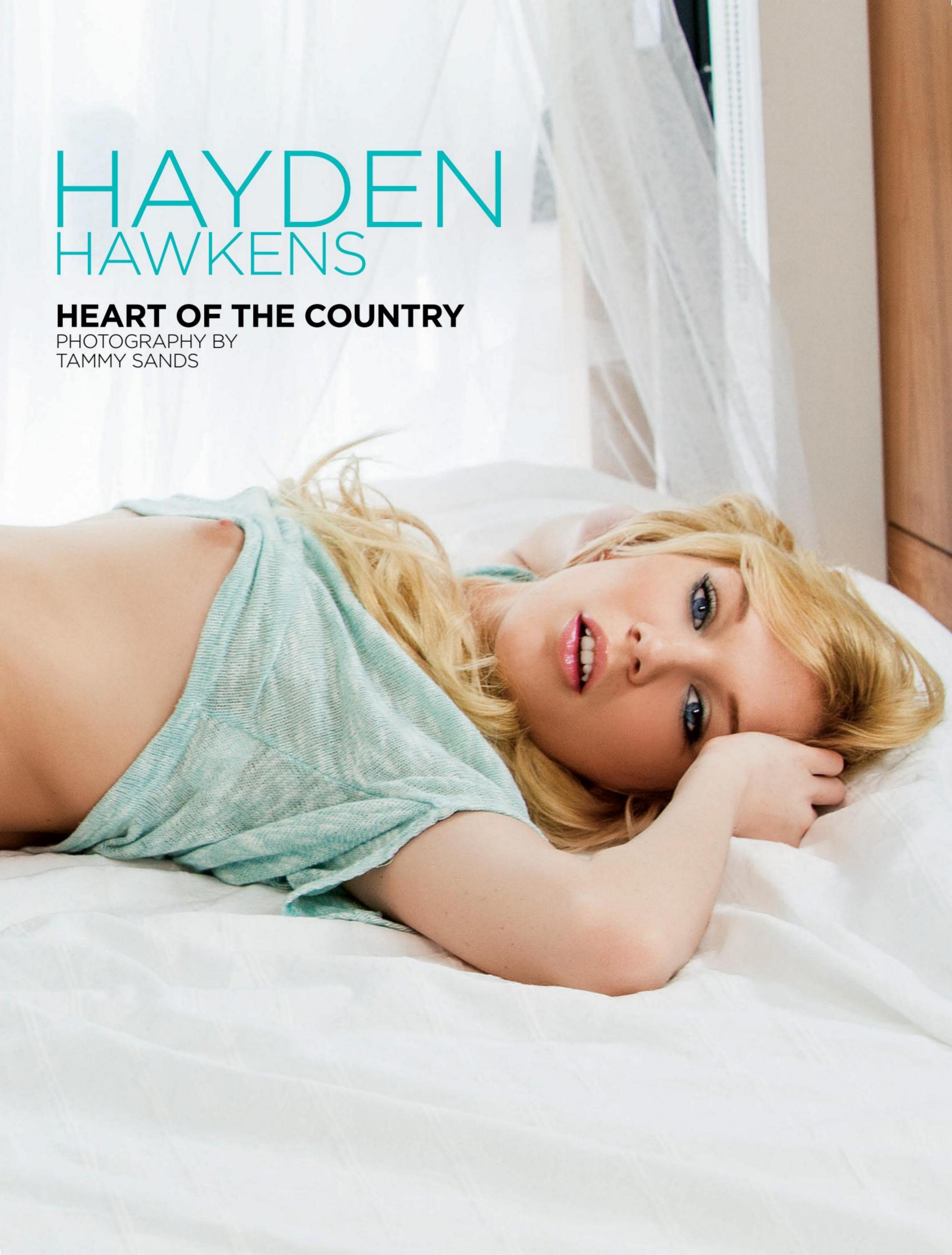


















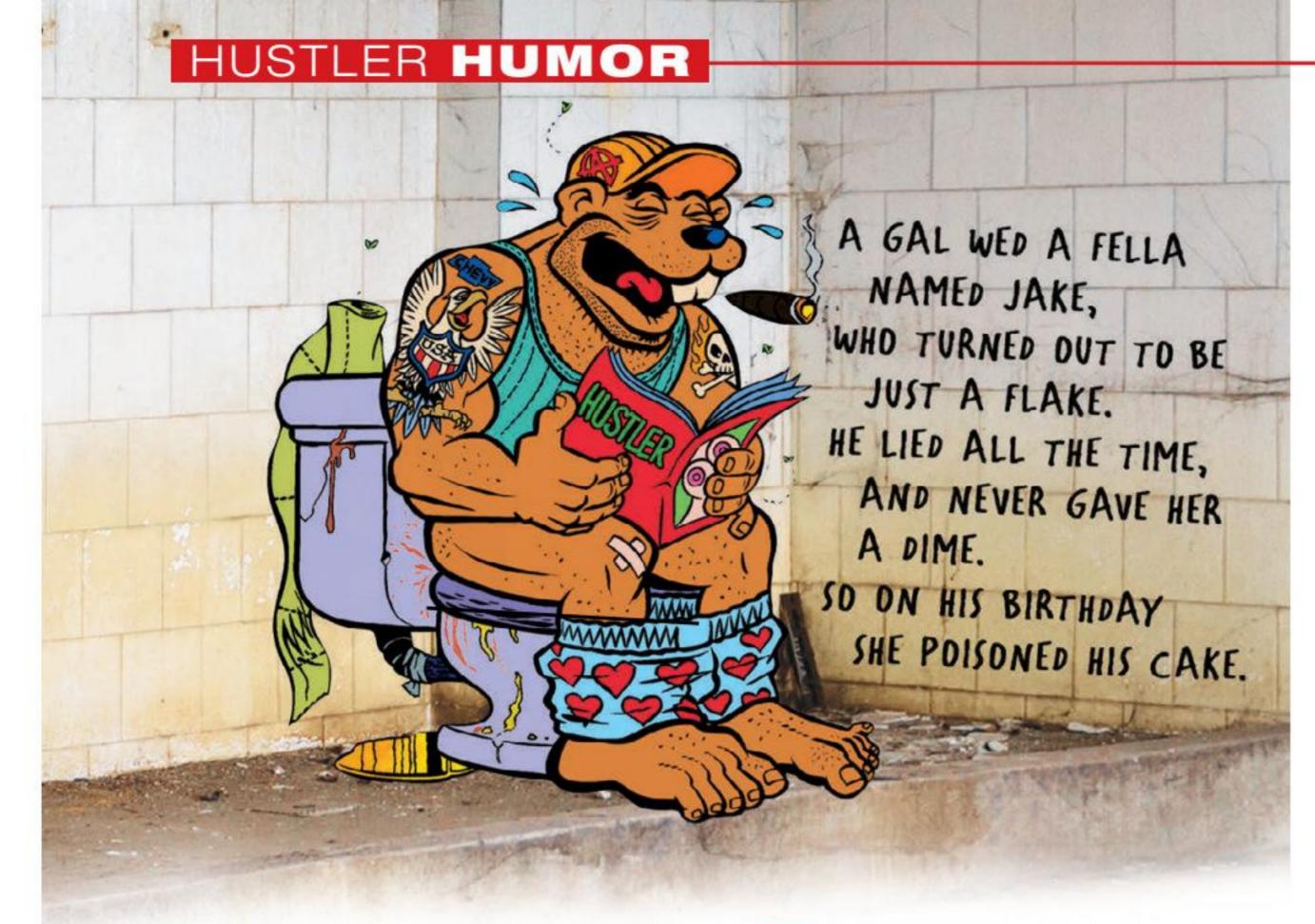












nurses were giving a comatose woman a bed bath in her hospital room. One was washing the patient's privates and noticed a slight twitch whenever she touched her pussy. Since the heartbeat monitor showed a positive response, she told the other nurse to try it, and sure enough there was movement and improved vital signs.

The nurses decided to call the patient's husband and explained what had happened. "As crazy as this sounds," he was told, "maybe a little oral sex will do the trick and bring your wife out of her coma."

The man was skeptical when he got to the hospital, but the nurses assured him that they would leave him alone while he tended to his wife. He stepped into the room, and a few minutes later all of the monitors started squawking. The patient was flatlining—no heartbeat, no breathing.

The nurses rushed into her room. "What happened?!" one cried.

"I'm not sure," the husband muttered, zipping his fly. "I think she choked."

A young man walked into a library and asked the female librarian, "Do you have that new book for men with small penises?"

She looked for it on a computer and replied, "I don't know if it's in yet."

"Yeah, that's the one!" the guy exclaimed.

Question: What comes in pints?

Answer: An elephant.

A man called out to his wife, "Honey, do you have a minute?"

From another room she shouted back, "Jesus, Bill, we just had sex last month!" Three gay men died and were scheduled to be cremated. Their respective partners happened to be at the funeral home at the same time, and they began discussing what they would do with the ashes. The first fellow said, "My Benny loved to fly, so I'm going up in a plane to scatter his ashes in the sky."

The second mourner said, "My Carl was an avid fisherman, so I'm going to scatter his ashes in our favorite lake."

The third guy bellowed, "My Leroy was such an amazing lover that I think I'm gonna dump his ashes into a pot of chili so he can tear up my ass one more time!"

Question: If jerking off were a crime, what would that make all men?

Answer: Repeat offenders.

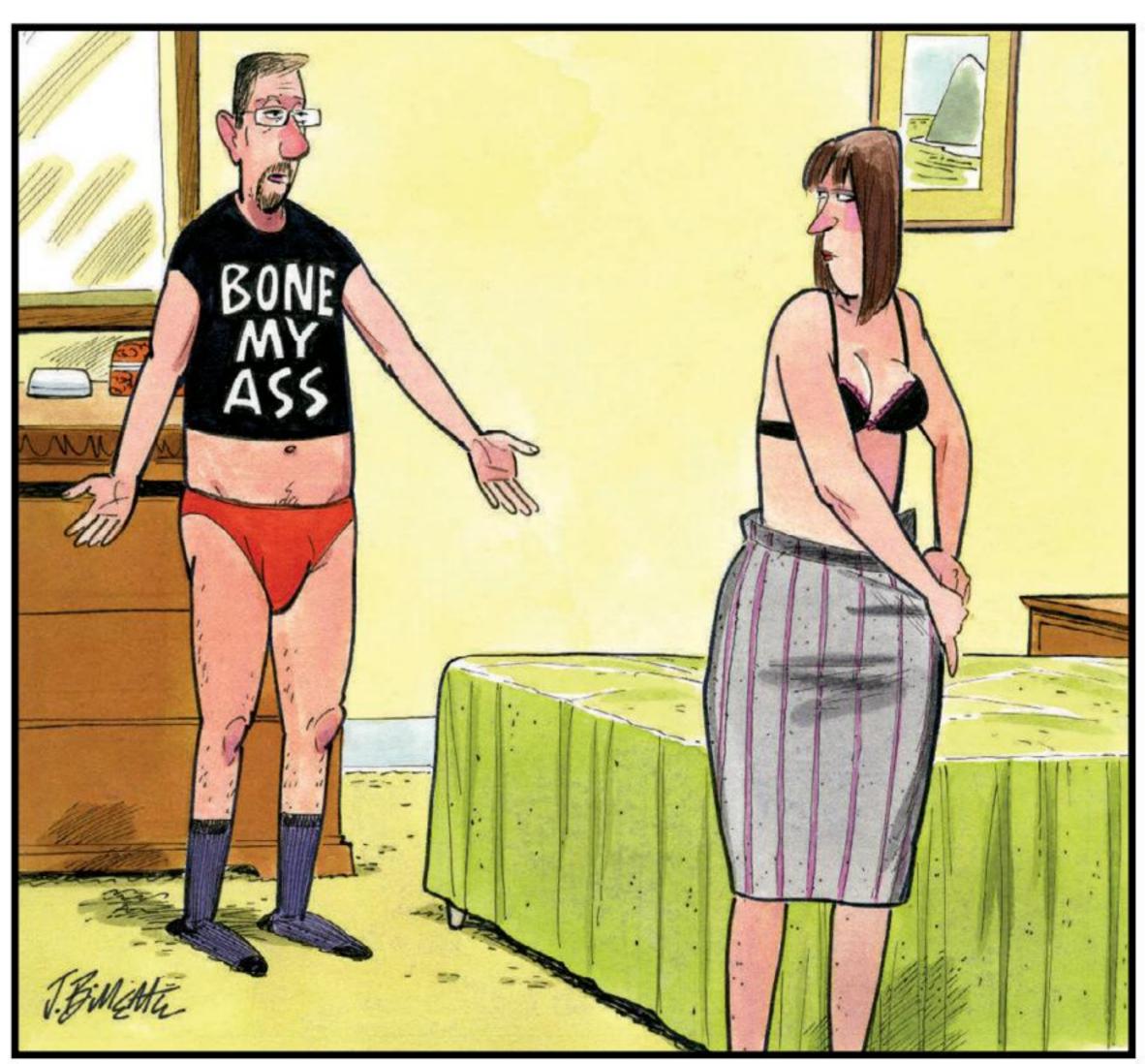
Leo's wife, Debbie, was having issues in the bedroom. She finally told Leo that she couldn't reach an orgasm because she got too hot when the couple had sex. They consulted a specialist, who suggested making sure that there was a steady supply of cool air in the bedroom.

Not wanting to raise the electricity bill with a fan, cheapskate Leo asked his best friend, Buster, to drop by and waft a towel while he and his wife made love. After 20 minutes Debbie was no closer to orgasm, while Leo was desperately trying to hold out.

Seeing Leo's torment, Buster recommended that they switch places, and he began screwing Debbie while Leo vigorously wafted the towel. Two minutes later Debbie was shuddering with the most incredible orgasm she'd ever had.

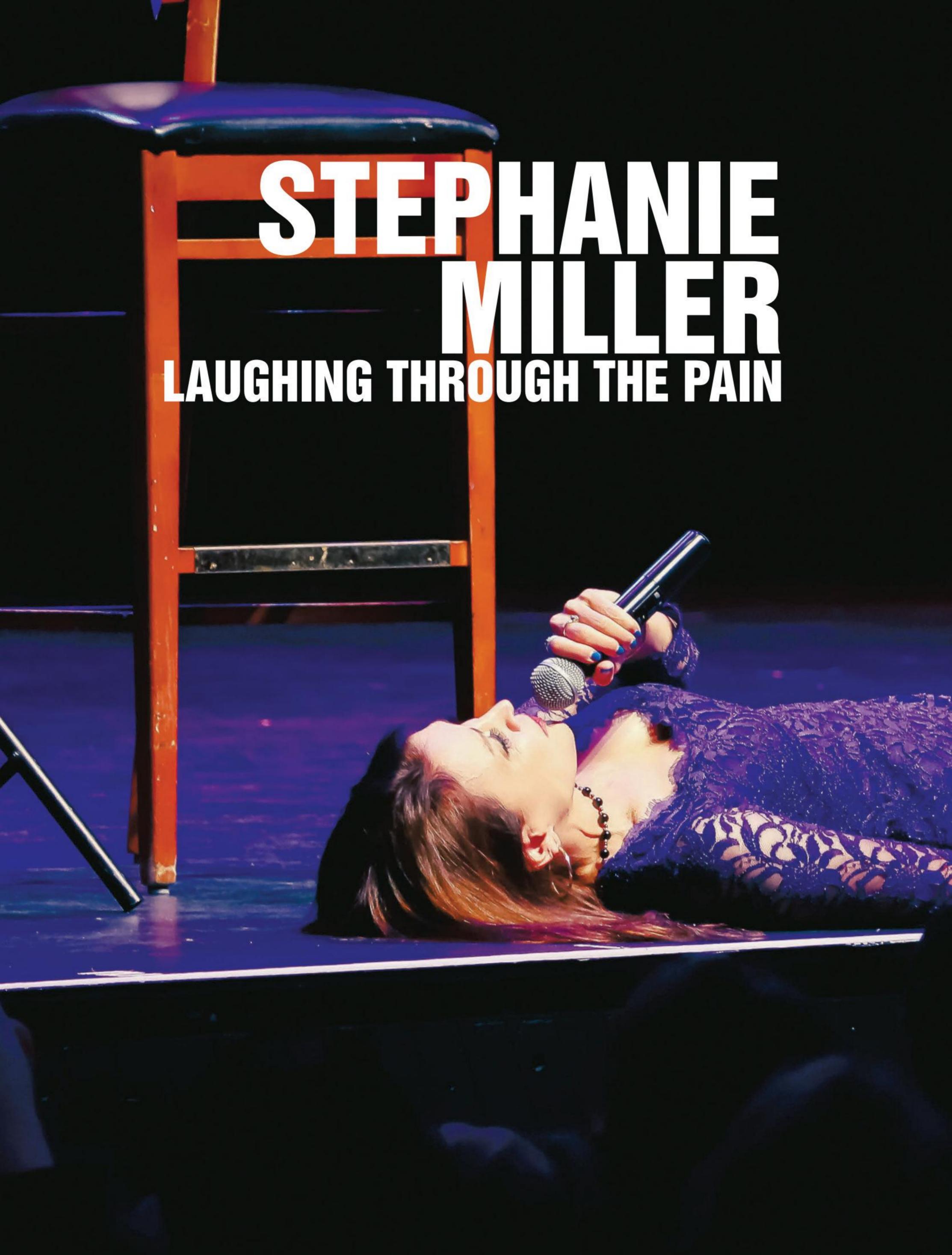
Leo looked at Buster and proudly proclaimed, "Now that, my friend, is how you waft a fucking towel!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Honey, does this T-shirt make me look gay?"





adio host Stephanie Miller is in the vanguard of cutting edge comedy. Her attacks are political; her weapons: humor, satire and mockery. Miller proclaims, "Now every comedian is pressed into service. Whether it's *SNL*'s Kate McKinnon, Stephen Colbert or Samantha Bee, comedians really are leading the resistance, because they're speaking truth to power."

During her Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour live shows pre-midterms, the hilarious Miller was unchained with her acid-dipped quips and antics lampooning the current administration. Referring to the Special Counsel's Russia probe, Miller gleefully announced, "It's almost Mueller time!" Referencing Stormy Daniels, she belittled Trump for his "portobello mushroom penis." When she wasn't introducing her political and Hollywood guests or (im)moderating a panel with them, Miller alternated between romping around, lying down on the stage and trying to unzip comedian John Fugelsang's pants in front of thousands of guffawing fans.

It's hard to believe that this comedic combo of policy wonk and wag is actually the daughter of Republican royalty. Stephanie's father, William E. Miller, was a seven-term congressman and Republican Party chairman. In 1964 William ran for Vice President on the GOP ticket with Arizona's conservative stalwart Senator Barry Goldwater. Today Stephanie is as left as her father was right. Presidential candidate Pat Buchanan's

1992 anti-gay "Culture Wars" speech at the Republican Convention reportedly prompted Miller to become vocal about politics, and in 2010, during the Proposition 8 anti-same sex marriage controversy in California, she openly came out as a lesbian. In 2008 she and Barry's granddaughter, CC Goldwater, teamed up for a gag Presidential race—"Family name, no skills, just like W.," Miller jested, adding, "We're thinking of doing it again in 2020 because clearly *anyone* can become President now."

Miller grew up near Buffalo and majored in theater across the continent at the University of Southern California. She embarked on a show biz career, working at comedy clubs, then hosting a radio talk show on Los Angeles's KFI in 1994. The witty provocateur's on-the-air mixture of political and comedic shtick has had various permutations, including short-lived stints on TV, but today her early morning *The Stephanie Miller Show* is heard daily "at stupid o'clock," as she calls 6 a.m. PT—on various terrestrial radio stations, SiriusXM Progress and via Progressive Voices on Tuneln. In addition, she hosts a weekly iTunes "Happy Hour" podcast, simulcast on Free Speech TV and periodically presents versions of her Sexy Liberal live shows with various guests. In this off-the-chain, candid conversation, Stephanie Miller discusses the importance of storming the barricades with humor. >>



HUSTLER: Did the midterm elections result in a blue wave?

STEPHANIE MILLER: It's a tsunami; that's what I think, no matter how they try to spin it. The Democrats won so many House seats. There's not one Republican in Orange County, California, now. Let me just say that Adam Schiff getting subpoena power is the sexiest thing I ever heard.

Adam Schiff [the House Intelligence Committee's new chairman] was one of your guests at the Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour show at the Saban Theatre in L.A. Tell us about the congressman's appearance.

ran and got elected. And I think it is fantastic.

At one point I said, "Stop listening to the pundits or the polls." Because they kept saying the [Brett] Kavanaugh thing was going to help the Republicans. It absolutely did not. Guess what? Women were pissed off about the Kavanaugh hearings. And that's how they voted.

In general I was thrilled. The [candidate] I loved was the Native American lesbian kick boxer [Sharice Davids of Kansas]. And I said, "I'd love to see Trump call her Pocahontas!" The fact is, there was a female wave, an LGBT wave, a people of color wave. It's like Barack Obama says: "When people vote, our representatives look more like America."



He was hilarious. He was there with Rob Reiner, Martin Sheen and Margaret Cho. The biggest cheer in the room went up—everybody was like, "Oh, my God, he's here!"—when Adam Schiff walked in. [Chuckles.] Obviously a theater of political nerds.

There was not only a blue wave but a pink wave. A lot of new women entered Congress. What do you think of New York's Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, and has she been on your radio show? No, she has not been on yet, but I'd love to have her on. Listen, I'm thrilled about all of it. I always said, "This blue wave is going to be female." I knew that the day of—I'm not going to say *inauguration*, but the *Putin puppet installation*—when I was in Washington for the Women's March. It was the women who voted and the women who

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a member of the Democratic Socialists of America. What about the idea of democratic socialism?

You know, they tried that—"Are you a socialist?"—with her right when she won [the Democratic primary], because they love to push this "the Democrats are in disarray" narrative. And she immediately said, "I am a proud Democrat. Period." They don't ask Republicans, "Are you a fascist?" And guess what? Some of them are, you know? They literally elected two indicted felons and a dead pimp. And some of the people they had running literally identified as neo-Nazis. I think the division is not on the left. We're always going to have a big tent.

When you say *socialism*, I don't know what that means. The American people agree on most issues—Democrats in general are for Medicare, minimum wage, affordable healthcare, right?

Would you prefer to have seen a leadership change for the Democrats?

I am a strong defender of [Nancy] Pelosi. When your plane is going down and you need to land on the Hudson, you want Captain Sullenberger, not someone who just got their pilot's license. We're at such a critical juncture in our history, and she's a badass, man. Nobody whips votes, nobody raises money—you name it. Almost single-handedly the Affordable Care Act getting passed was because of her. This blue wave is because of her and her strategy. Certainly it's time to mentor new people, and obviously that change is going to happen at some point.

an awful lot of the country. I mean, during these horrible wildfires in California, he takes the time to send a dickish tweet about not sending any federal funds because of some ridiculous conspiracy theory. However bad you thought it was going to be, this is worse, isn't it?

It makes me wonder—your dad, William E. Miller, was Republican Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater's running mate in 1964. What do you think your dad and Barry would have thought of Trump and of today's GOP?

I've said it many times: I think they would be appalled. I was research-

ing my Dad's military service, and I happened to find his obituary in *The New York Times* in 1983. It was eerie and prescient. You know, he was a prosecutor at [the post-World War II] Nuremberg [war crimes tribunals], and the line in the obituary said he was one of the very few conservatives at that time who identified

Nazism as the source of evil, more than Communism, because of what he had just seen in Germany. Outright Nazis are identifying with Trump and the Republican Party. The shooter at the [Pittsburgh] synagogue was responding to the caravan [of asylum-seeking Central American refugees heading to the U.S. border]. It just feels like such a dangerous time. Somebody sent bombs to 15 of Trump's biggest targets—politicians, including ex-Presidents.

Speaking of death threats, about ten years ago somebody threatened to shoot you in your "glory hole"...

Oh, yeah. When I was on Fox News, a Fox News viewer threatened to shove an AK-47 up my glory hole and send me into eternity. To which I replied, "You're going to use a Russian-made rifle? Really? Aren't you going to use an American-made rifle?" Of course, now it all makes sense. "And by the way, girls don't have 'glory holes,' you idiot."

Are you still subjected to threats?

Yeah, I was shutting down our post office box. I wasn't going to put any of my staff at risk when

all this mail bombing of liberal targets was going on. It's a scary time, and it's because of Donald Trump. He is directly inciting these people to be violent, racist, sexist and anti-Semitic.

But not now. Pelosi is the most successful speaker in our history.

Now that the Democrats control the House of Representatives, what do you want them to do?

Well, job one for me would be getting the traitorous lunatic away from the nuclear codes. I don't think that's just being hysterical. I honestly think we're in a really dangerous time. I don't think enough people have their hair on fire to what an incredible international crisis we're in. I mean, come on, you can't watch him, read a transcript, without going, "He is not well. He is not sane. He is a complete conspiracy theorist. He is obviously becoming unglued."

We have never had a President that does not care about being President for anyone who didn't vote for him or doesn't like him. And that's

Exactly what is the Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour?

We've been doing the Sexy Liberal comedy tour for a few years and selling out theaters all over the country. We thought we were going to be doing a victory lap for Hillary's inauguration. We relaunched in 2017 as the Sexy Liberal Resistance Tour. In 2018 we just did three shows, specifically for the midterms, called the Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour, and it was all about getting out the vote. We worked with Tom Steyer's group, NeedToImpeach.com, NeedToVote.com. We sold out D.C., Chicago and Los Angeles. >>

Of course one of the best parts in L.A. was when Congressman Schiff said "Fuck."

Yeah! Twice, I think, dropped a couple of F-bombs.

Congressman Ted Lieu was also onstage, right?

Yeah. He's a rock star, a Twitter god. I love the way he trolls the President. Like Adam Schiff, he's a prosecutor. I just love how they take it to him every day. That's what we need, fighters, because we're in the fight of our lives in this country.

All-star activists Martin Sheen, John Fugelsang, Margaret Cho and heavyweight Rob Reiner joined you as well. Pretty awesome list.

Martin Sheen has been an amazing activist for years. He is honestly one of the most deeply kind, decent, moral people I have ever met. He doesn't have to do this—he's obviously a hugely successful actor. We talked about it onstage with Rob Reiner, how many times he's been arrested for his activism. He really walks the talk.

John has been a friend of mine and a regular on my show for many,

many years. He's brilliant—speaks Bible better than anybody I know. Someone like him is so key to us taking back the whole notion of God, family values and moral values. Because Donald Trump is the most deeply immoral person we've ever seen. Not even just in the Presidency. In general. And John's six-foot-one, and nearly all of it is penis, and I do introduce him that way.

Margaret Cho is a genius, a warrior. She has been through so much. You saw her talk onstage about her rapes—she's just been through it and is so fearless talking about it and taking back that power. She talks about being bisexual. There are no taboos. She's my "she-ro," and I've been a fan of hers forever.

And Reiner, he is so instrumental in our having marriage equality in America. Now he has Investigate-

Russia.org. He is a patriot, true and true; he loves this country. One of my favorite movies is [1995's] *The American President* [starring Michael Douglas and Annette Bening]. Almost all of the sound bites on my radio show are from Rob Reiner. [*Laughs*.] He's not only an amazing actor and director, obviously, but again an activist and humanitarian, tireless about speaking out for causes he believes in, no matter how many right-wing morons call him a meathead.

You've said, "Comedians are leaders in the resistance." Why are comics no longer invited to participate in the White House Correspondents' Dinner?

That's an easy one. Because the President has the worst sense of humor of any President we've ever had. He's a big whiny baby, whiny little bitch, a giant baby-man. Obviously this is where it all started—when Obama made fun of him and he sat there scowling. They say that's why he ran for President, because Obama just scorched him at

the 2011 White House Correspondents' Dinner. Trump literally is so thin-skinned, he can't take a joke. And look at all of the awful things he's said—mean, cruel, immature, dirty, you name it.

Trump can dish it out but he can't take it?

Absolutely. Comedians are leading the resistance because we're all traumatized as a nation. We have to laugh. It's the only way to empower ourselves. That's why he hates it, because there's power in being able to laugh at somebody and show that you're not scared.

You're a lefty oasis on the air. Why is talk radio so dominated by right-wingers?

That is a very easy question. Because conservatives own all the radio companies, so they put conservative shows on. The companies that syndicate these shows—you have to understand, they own the radio stations. The same people who own the *Hannity* and *Limbaugh* shows, they also own the stations. So who do you think they're going to put on? They own the spots if they own the radio show and the station. They'd

have to give up commercial airtime if they would take a show like, say, mine. But beyond that, they're conservatives, and they're putting on their point of view.

And I've been saying this until I'm blue in the face—liberals need to understand that the infrastructure [Republicans] have built over how many years, we really ought to be investing the same way they are. And not just in Stephanie Miller—for the next generation of Stephanie Millers, Thom Hartmanns, whoever. The audience is there, and it's incredibly loyal and incredibly spendy. That's why liberals need to get a clue and invest in infrastructure as the right-wingers did years and years ago.

"COMEDIANS ARE
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OURSELVES."

At the Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour you were off the hook, Stephanie

unbound, lying down on the stage, cursing, etc. Over the years have you loosened up, opened up as a comedian?

Well, that's what comes from being bound by the FCC for so many years on the radio—I tend to go insane onstage. Because I can. Honestly, that's why our weekly "Happy Hour" podcast is so popular. It says on iTunes: "Does Donald Trump make you want to drink and swear? This is the podcast for you." And we went through the roof on iTunes. It's literally me and my celebrity friends talking shit about Trump and drinking. Seriously, how do you cope with this ongoing nightmare? Kellyanne Conway's husband called it "a shit show in a dumpster fire."

I always say the Sexy Liberal Tour has been like this primal scream. You're not bound by broadcast standards, the FCC; you're able to really put it out there. That's why it's so popular—people come not to just see us, but to be with like-minded people and go, "Oh, okay, it's not just me. I thought I was fucking crazy."

You've had some stellar guests on your radio program through the years. Anyone surprise you?

I had Jane Fonda on, and I made a joke about being nervous in front of a living legend, and she said, "Oh, bullshit." When Jane Fonda drops an F-bomb on your show, it's satisfying.

Are there shows you've done that stand out as particularly funny?

That's hard to say. Everybody says, "The show is better than ever because of Trump. There's so much material." But it really is harrowing. Because it's just as frightening, sad and terrifying to comedians as it is to the rest of us, you know? How do you make jokes about teargassing babies? We do the best we can. A lot of it comes out of sheer exasperation and exhaustion.

If I could count the number of callers and emailers who have said, "You're the only thing keeping me sane"...to which I always say, "Then America, you in danger, girl. Because I'm barely hanging on to my own sanity." That's my public service. No matter how bad things are, at least I'm not that crazy lady in her basement. Psychologists say you have to unplug from this. Well, I can't. What do you do when you can't? You've just got to take one for the team, right? I can't escape it because it's my job, so I have to make it funny.

Who would be at the top of your wish list to appear as a guest?

Well, Rosie O'Donnell just tweeted recently because someone tweeted her to come on the show. I think that will be interesting, because boy, she was one of Trump's original targets, right?

Yes. Early on she asked, "Who is this guy to be judging female beauty at these pageants?"

Remember that? She was dead on. That whole thing she said on *The View* that set him off—she was absolutely right. He's cheated on everything his entire life.

Who do you want to run for President in 2020?

Literally fucking anyone but him. [Laughs.] At this point we have a wealth of great people on our side. Look at how Bill Clinton and Obama came from out of nowhere. Maybe it's someone we don't even know yet. Job one is getting the traitorous lunatic away from the nuclear codes, getting him out of office as soon as possible. He is a clear and present danger, a national security threat. I can't even think about 2020 yet.

I honestly do not think he's going to be here in 2020. I think he's going to resign because he's been a coward his whole life. I think he's a pussy, and the minute we can look at his taxes and see what a failure he's been and all of that, he's gonna quit and claim victory. You know [imitates Trump]: "Fake news! Witch hunt! Woulda made America great, duh duh duh."

I love a lot of people on our side. We have a wealth of great candidates. Let's see it play out—we just have a lot to do before then.

Who are some of the prospective candidates you love?

Being from California, I love Kamala Harris. I love Julián Castro. I love Gavin Newsom...Cory Booker and Elizabeth Warren—there's a lot of great people on our side. To me two years from now seems like an eternity.

Are you ever afraid the American people will reach such a point of corruption and fraud fatigue that we'll lose the ability to feel outrage? Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of now. You don't know what's distracting

from what anymore. He's covering up for the dismemberment of a U.S. resident, a *Washington Post* reporter. Oh, look over there—he's teargassing babies. Oh, look over here—is he distracting from the Ivanka email story? Or the Manafort bombshell? I think we're going to have PTSD for years from our phone alerts. Just from, What did that orange motherfucker do now? I think we've never been through that, any President who's in your face 24-fucking-7! Just tweeting! Rallies! On TV! Interviews! He just will never shut the fuck up! That's the sound bite we play the most, is from *The Big Lebowski*: "Shut the fuck up, Donnie!" [*Laughs.*] Just for one day. Give us some peace.

Has your life changed since you came out of the closet?

Not really. I'm still a lady who does a fart joke show in my basement. The most important progress is, it's not really a big deal now. You know what I mean? I never hid it even before I was out. I didn't make up boyfriends or say I was straight. I just didn't talk about my personal life. At some point you've got to speak your truth. That's the progress—it's not the coming out; it's when it's not a big deal anymore. It's just one thing about me.

Is there anything you'd like to add?

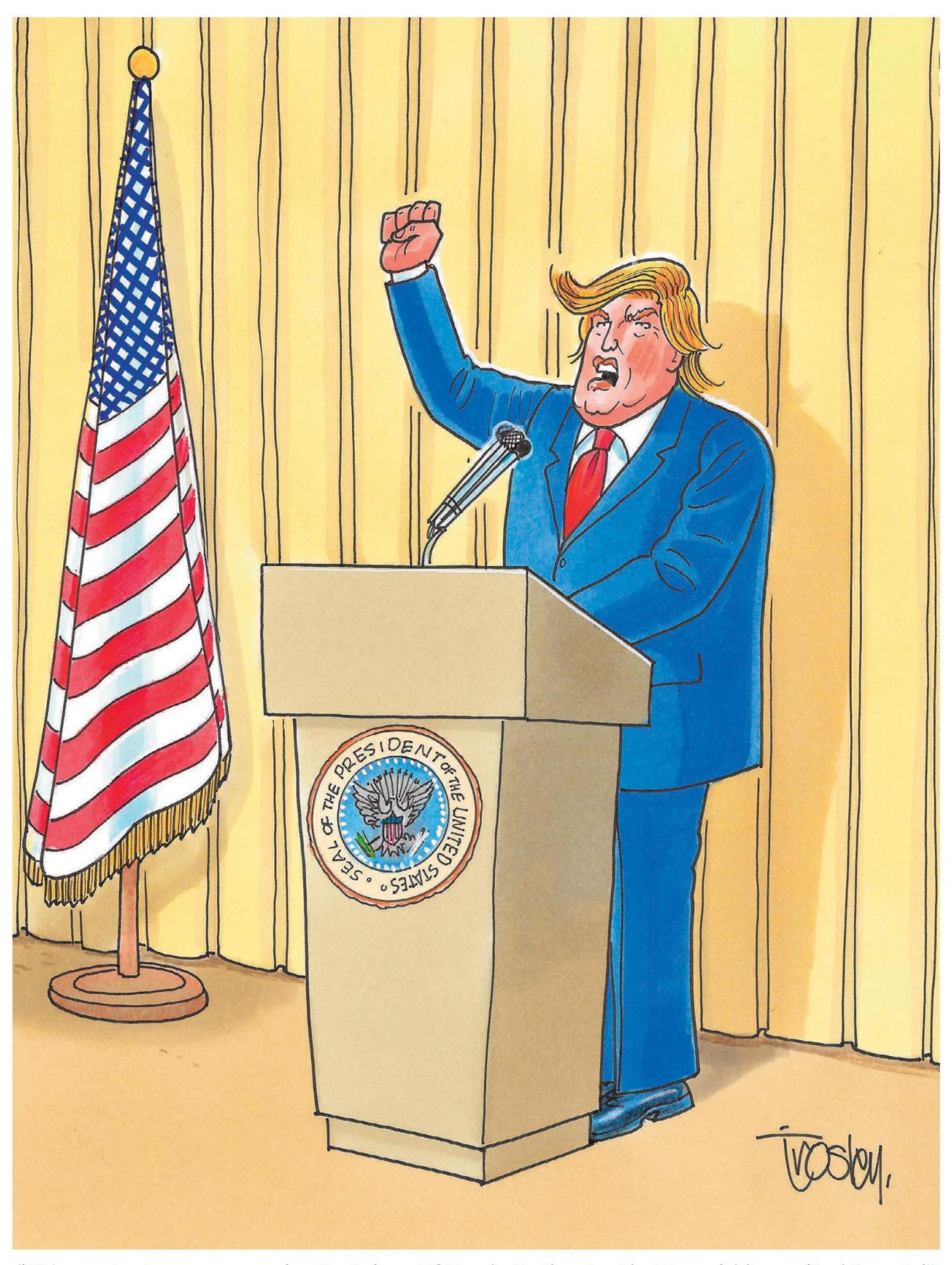
Only that I am clearly the most important radio show in the world, and you cannot miss a second of it on any given day.

Has any of the Trump narcissism and bluster rubbed off on you, by any chance?

Yes. I would give myself an A-plus.

Check out StephanieMiller.com to listen to Stephanie live or stream her podcast, and laugh through the pain.





"It's against my personal principles: If I admit the truth, I would have lied in vain!"



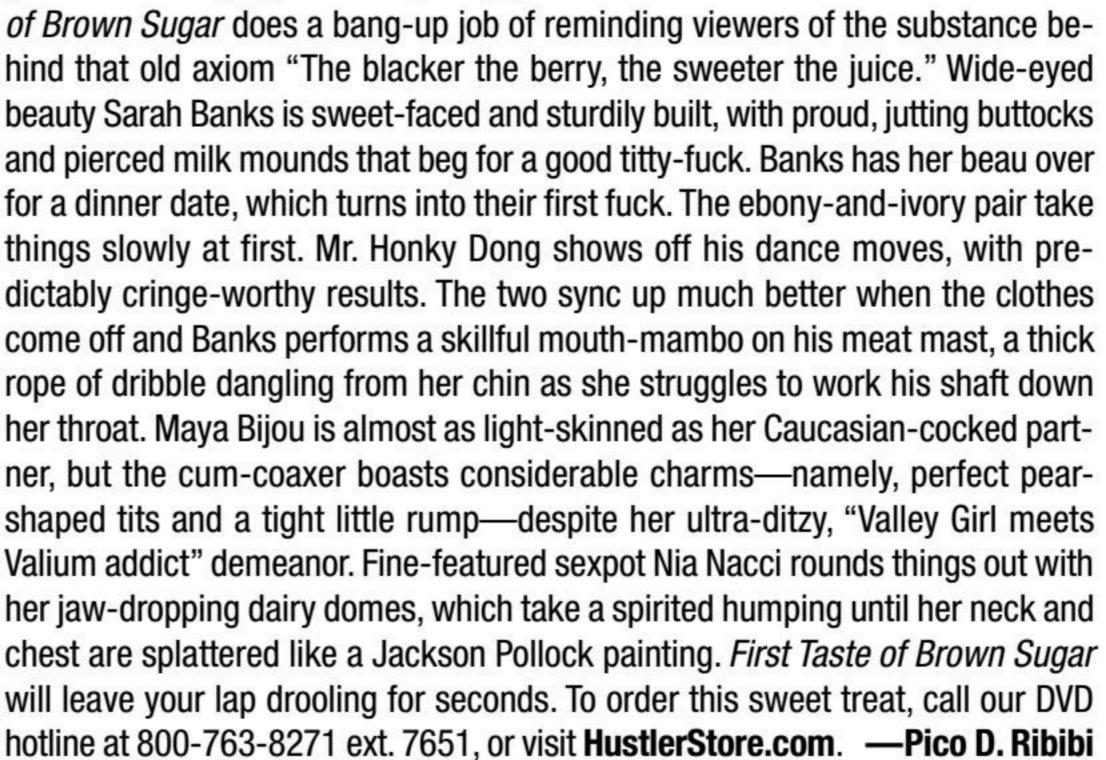




FIRST TASTE OF BROWN SUGAR

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: NIA NACCI, ASHLEY ALEIGH, MAYA BIJOU, SARAH BANKS, TYLER NIXON, RYAN DRILLER, JOHNNY CASTLE & RION KING.

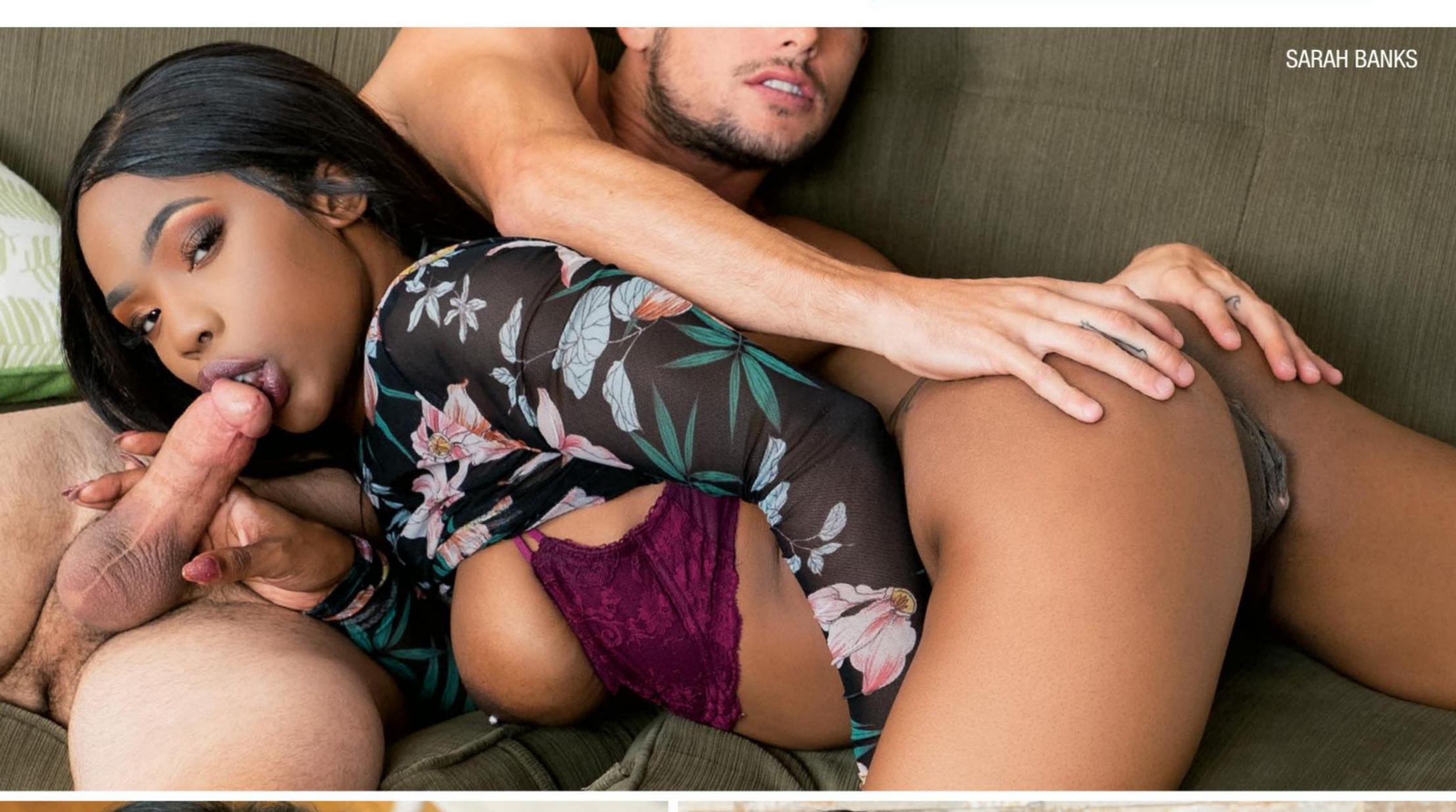
Mick Jagger captured the allure of dark meat back in 1971, when he sang, "Brown Sugar, how come you taste so good/Brown Sugar, just like a young girl should." First Taste







HARDCORE SHOWCASE











DEADPOOL XXX: AN AXEL BRAUN PARODY

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, JENNIFER WHITE, ANA FOXXX, NIKKI DELANO, ROMI RAIN, SETH GAMBLE, RAMON NOMAR, TOMMY GUNN & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

Axel Braun has already proven his mastery of the porn spoof. With *Deadpool XXX: An Axel Braun Parody*, the

challenge is, can he actually create a blue-movie takeoff that matches the considerable raunch and snark of its source material? Luckily, Braun deftly weaves all of the layers together with this effort, producing an artful caricature of *Deadpool*, with a few knowing digs at the adult industry thrown in for good measure—a particularly savvy touch, given that the Ryan Reynolds franchise this is based on persistently thumbs its nose at the superheroblockbuster machine. As with all of Braun's superhero parodies, the production values here are impressive. But Braun goes next-level this time around, impressively matching the relentless one-liners and fourth-wall-shattering cheekiness of the original films for a tonally spot-on offering. It can't be an easy task to match the Merc With a Mouth's barrage of wisecracks while artfully turning out a workable spank flick, but this hyperaware opus finds Braun functioning at wheels-within-wheels complexity. As for the sex, the tongue-in-cheek nature of the proceedings takes on an added dimension as a pair of chicks bury their faces in each other's poop pillows in a girl-girl scene that, in addition to being hot, smartly plays on *Deadpool* character Domino's unique skin pigmentation. Oddly enough, this video came down the pike just as the *Deadpool* franchise softened things up with the PG-13 Once Upon a Deadpool—yet another layer of irony for a video that truly rises to the occasion. —P.D.R.

HARDCORE SHOWCASE













HARDCORE SHOWCASE

SQUIRT FOR ME VOL. 5

HARDX. DIRECTOR: MASON. STAR-RING: JOANNA ANGEL, ABELLA DAN-GER, ANNA BELL PEAKS, KATYA RODRIGUEZ, MICK BLUE, RAMON NOMAR & MANUEL FERRARA.

If you're of the "the wetter, the better" state of mind, this offering will tap a gusher for you. Grab a mop and bucket, because Squirt for Me Vol. 5 requires some serious cleanup. Heavily tattooed, gothflavored Joanna Angel, who at this well-seasoned point looks not far away from serving lunches at St. Decrepit's School for Wayward Suicide Girls, cracks the seal and opens the spigot in this one. Angel squirts at the slightest jostling of her pussy and works herself up to Niagara Falls-level ferocity. Pity the poor fucker who made his place available for this scene, because Angel's scent is going to permeate those couch cushions for a long, long time. This is half porn shoot, half "before" scene for a Depend's commercial. Abella Danger is a willowy whippet of a thing, and her ability to tap a massive geyser from her snatch with the gentlest manipulation of her fingers is undeniable. The sex is nearly inconsequential in this video, drowned out as it is by the tidal waves of vagina juice that wash over the proceedings. Still, Danger deepthroats like a champ and endures a particularly fervent poking. If your ideal sex scene is best accessorized by a plastic tarp and a wet vac, Squirt for Me Vol. 5 will definitely make a splash. —P.D.R.























WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!







EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



LUNA WULF

How's this for a busy Beaver? "I'm a caregiver and self-sufficient homemaker, and I'm starting to model and fight again," says Luna Wulf, 24, from Riverside, California. "Even when I was younger, I dreamed about being naked in HUSTLER. It's the best adult magazine around!" The 5-foot-5 boxing aficionada asserts, "I'm a very nice, respectful person, and I don't try to cause drama. I have a big heart, and people try to take advantage of that. But the one thing no one can control is my dedication to myself." That dedication extends from everything to her pastimes—going to car shows and the beach, reading, art and watching *Shameless*—to sex. "I prefer men," Luna specifies. "I love a nice cock that can make my whole body quiver. My fave position is doggy because my partner can hit the right spot, smack my ass hard and pull my hair. But I do get turned on when I see a beautiful woman, and I have no shame in flirting with her." —*Photos by J. Ellis Cox*





RYAN TAYLOR

"I manifest my self-confidence and sexuality in a multitude of ways," states Ryan Taylor, 27, from Denver, Colorado. "Nude modeling is a fun one, but doing it in a well-respected publication like HUSTLER is an honor. It was high on my bucket list!" In her own words the 4-foot-11 hottie is "playful, provocative, stimulating, inspiring and compassionate," and she has a multitude of kicks. "My hobbies are painting, animal rescue and reading science essays and historical context books," Ryan relates. "I'm really into the Planet Earth series, and I'm a crime-show junkie. I also dig scary movies and have an eclectic musical taste. Some of my favorites are Britney Spears, Songs: Ohia, The Mountain Goats and Dr. Dre." Ryan's sex life is eclectic too. "I'm pansexual," she explains. "I'm attracted to males, females and everything in between. Each interaction is unique, and I feed off of my partners' confidence and emotions. The more comfortable we are with each other, the naughtier I get. I enjoy experimenting—trying something new at least twice—and I've got a foot fetish and spit fetish. Being covered in spit is a good indicator of a messy BJ!" —Photos by Friend













"I love expressing myself and being creative," proclaims Jayln, 31, a "fun, unique and overthe-top" performance artist from Las Vegas, Nevada. "I have always believed that the female body is a work of art from head to toe. I want to share my canvas with the world." The 5-foot-7 "soup connoisseur" also wants to share her personal interests: "I tour with the HardCore Burlesque team Suicide Sirens, I enjoy electronic dance music and hip-hop, and my favorite TV shows are *Geordie Shore* and *RuPaul's Drag Race*." Jayln adds, "My hobbies are making music, making art and making love. I believe I'm very seductive and daring, and I am most definitively into women and men. If it feels good, I'll do anything and everything that works for my needs at the moment. Bring them on!" Sex even stimulates her sense of humor. "There's no wrong way to eat a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup," she quips, "and masturbation is a basic human right."

—Photos by Wade Eno













LIZA BILLBERRY

"Vy govorite po-angliyski? [Do you speak English?]," we ask Liza Billberry, 26, from Irkutsk, Russia. "Yes, I do," she replies, and conversing with the 5-foot-10 newcomer is a piece of cake. "I think I'm very sexy and openhearted," Liza avows. "I like to be naked because I love my body and want to show it to the world. My motto is 'You should be the best in everything.' When I was a flight attendant with Aeroflot [Russia's national airline], I did my best. Same now with modeling." As for her personal life, Liza discloses, "I'm a Siberian girl. I like sports, especially skiing, drawing, reading, traveling and studying the cultures of foreign countries." The bilingual gal is bisexual too: "I love sex with handsome men and beautiful girls. I always enjoy the process, and once I get heated up, I can never say stop." — Photos by Omnia Productions





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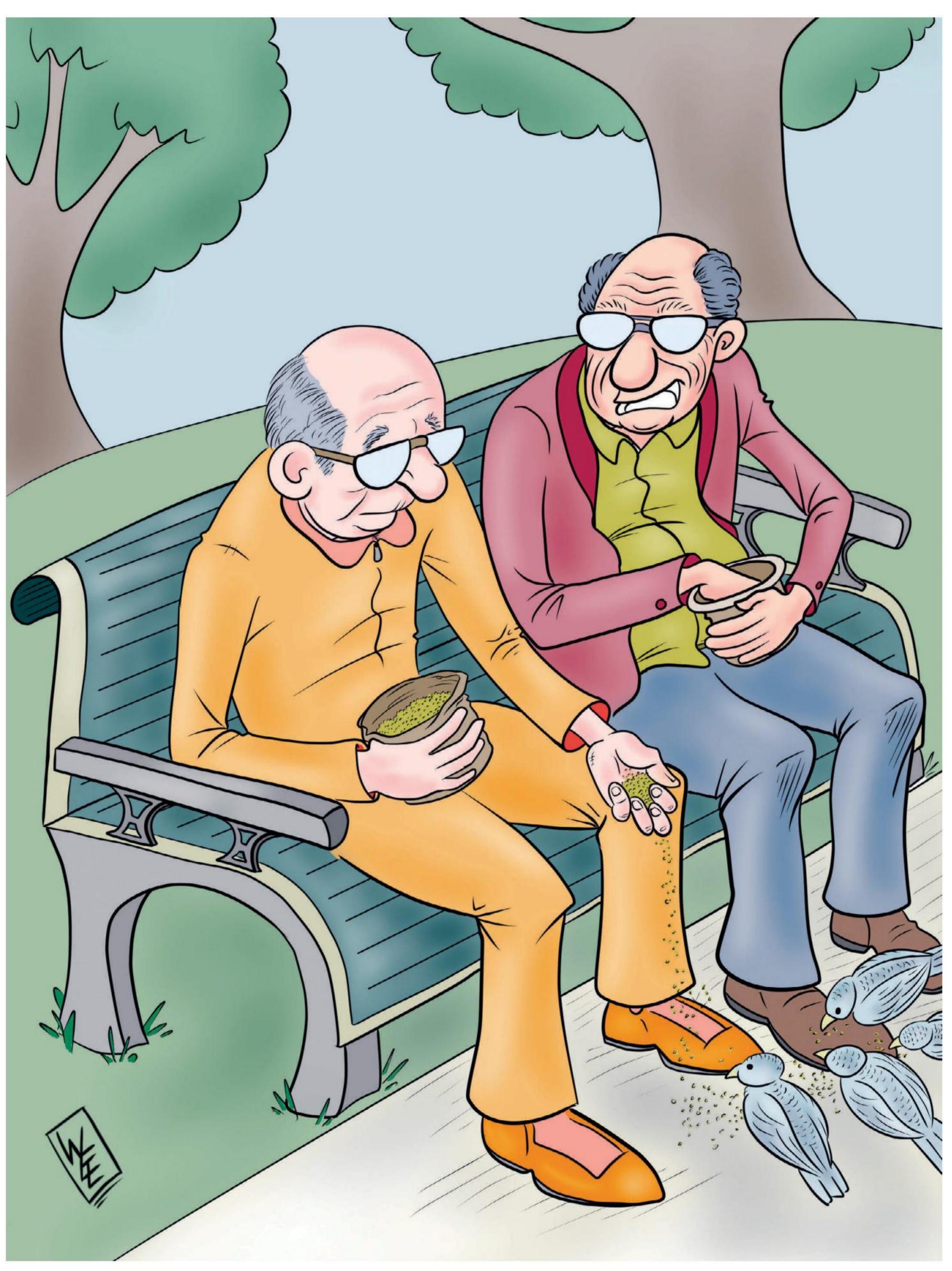
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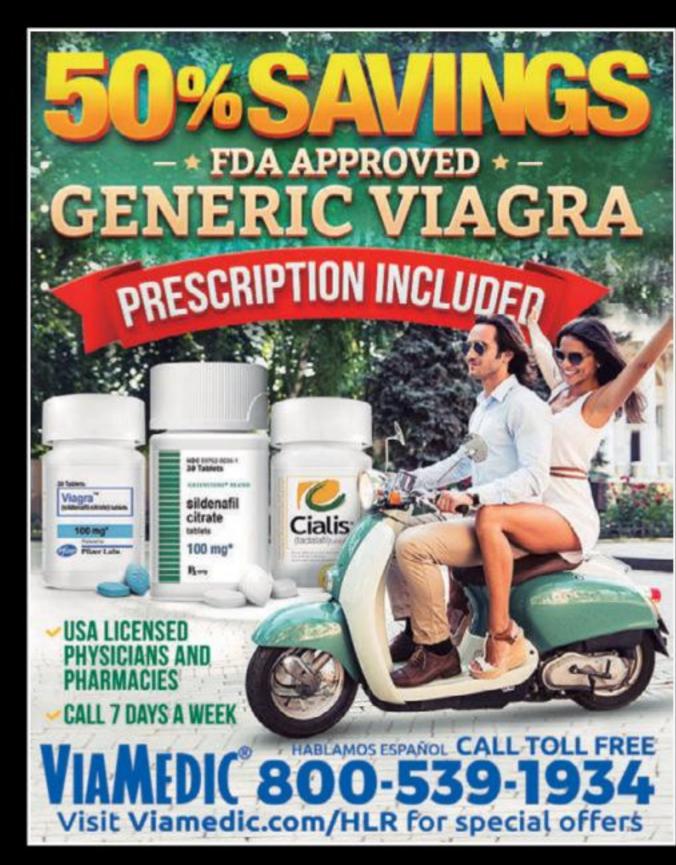


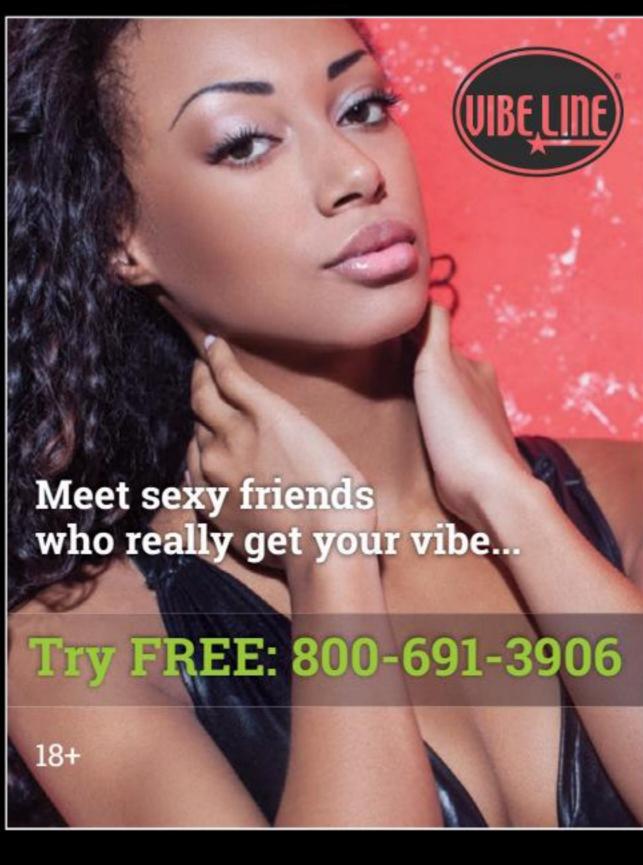
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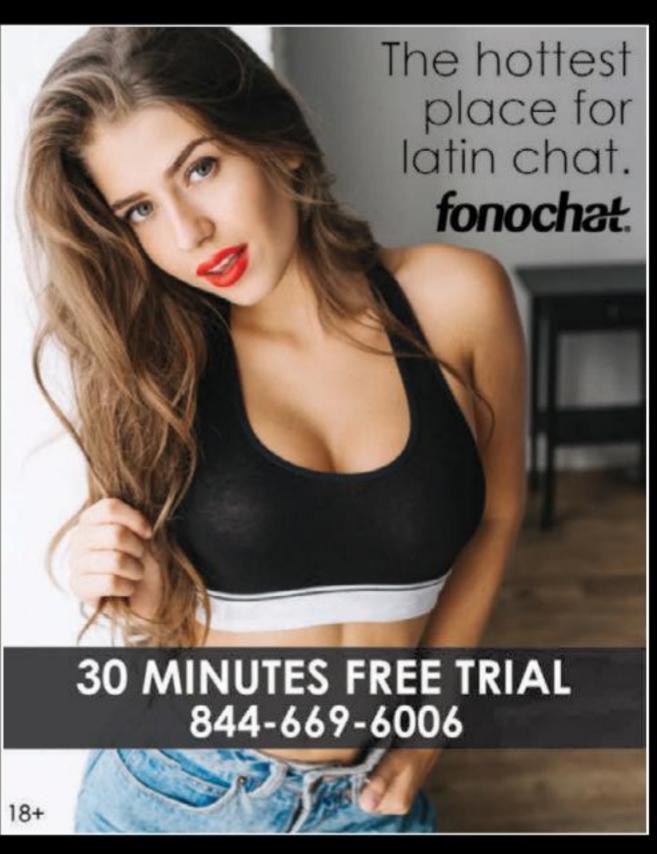






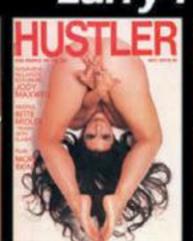






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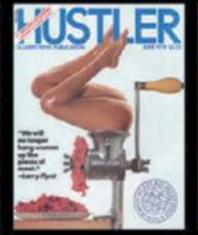


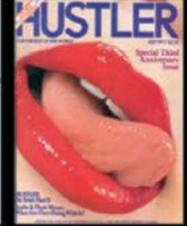


































































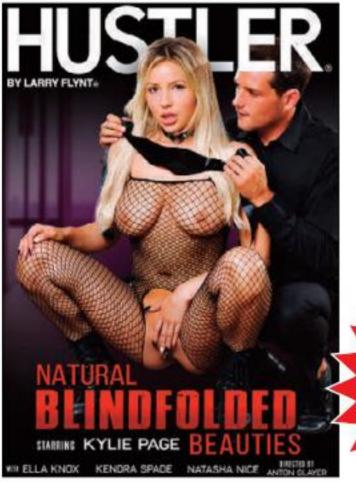




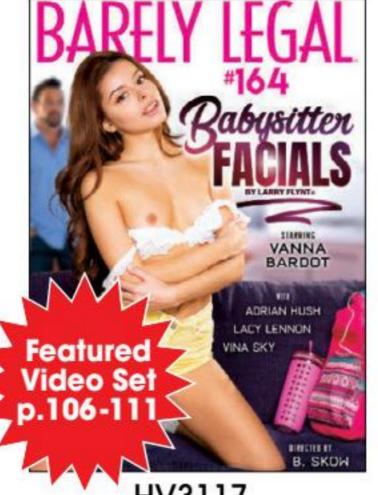


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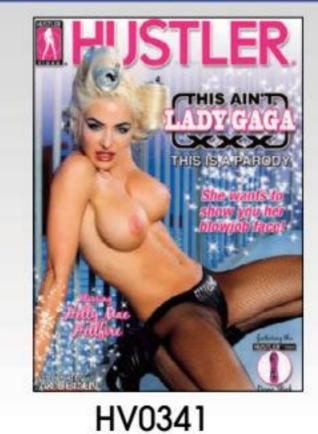
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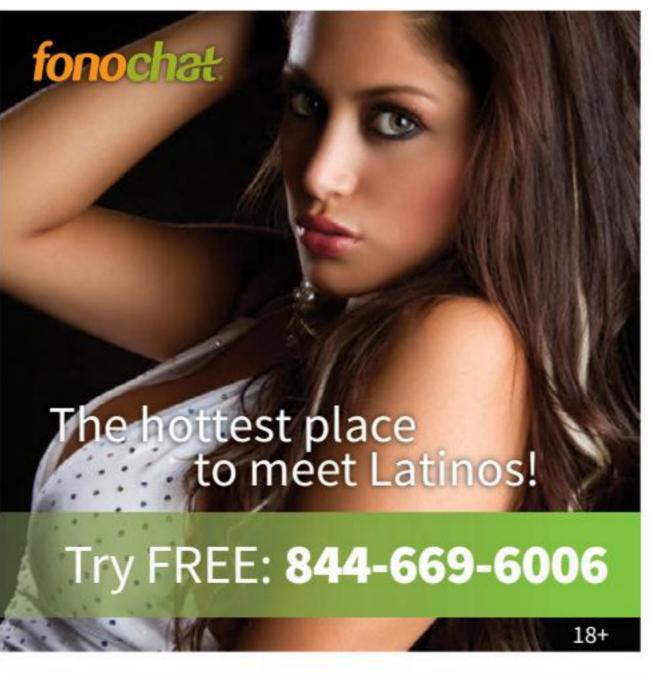
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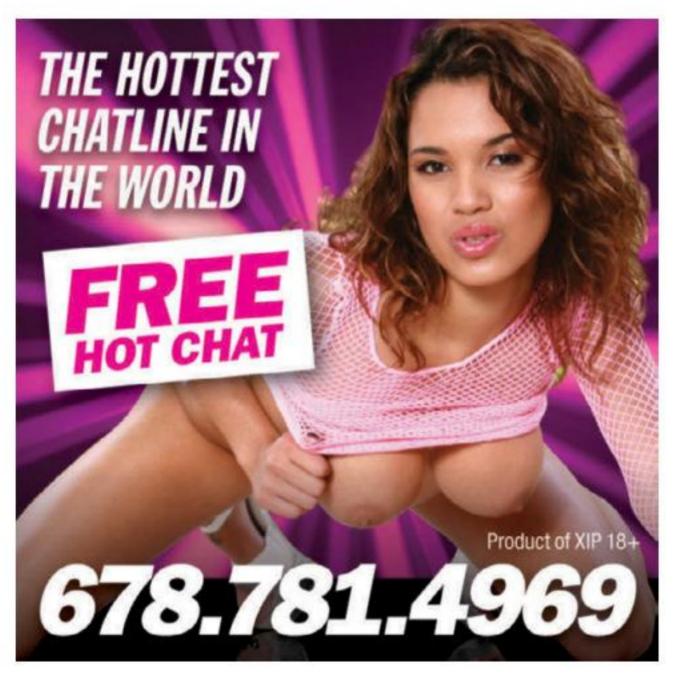










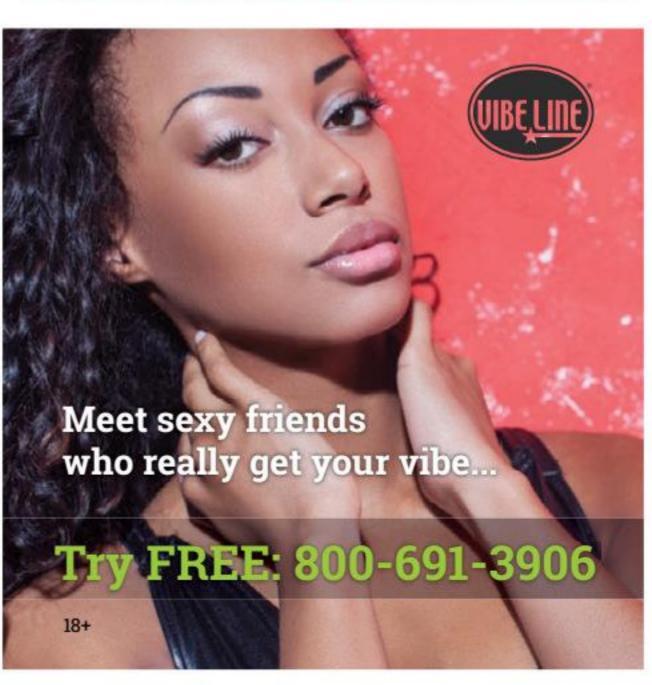




















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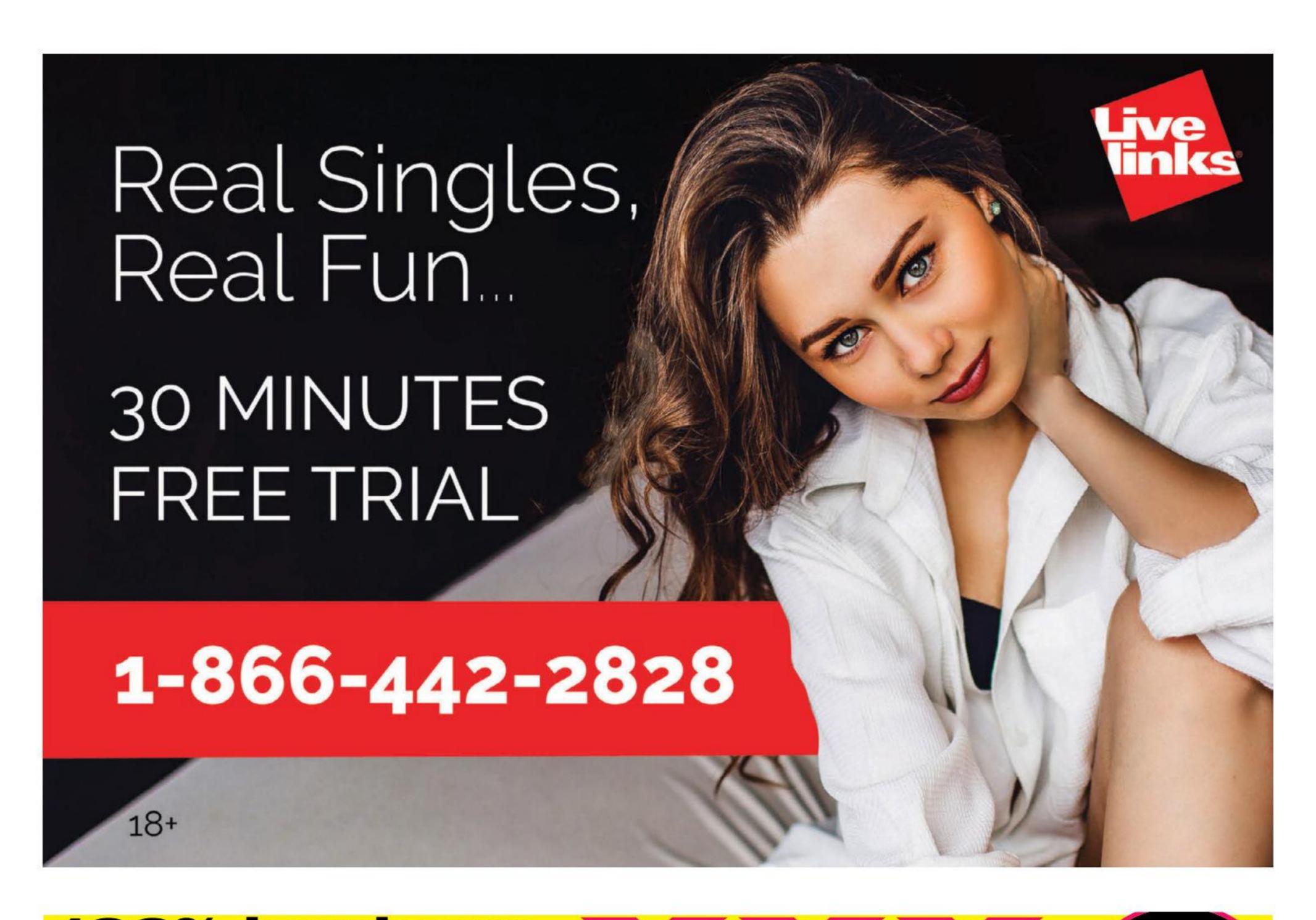




















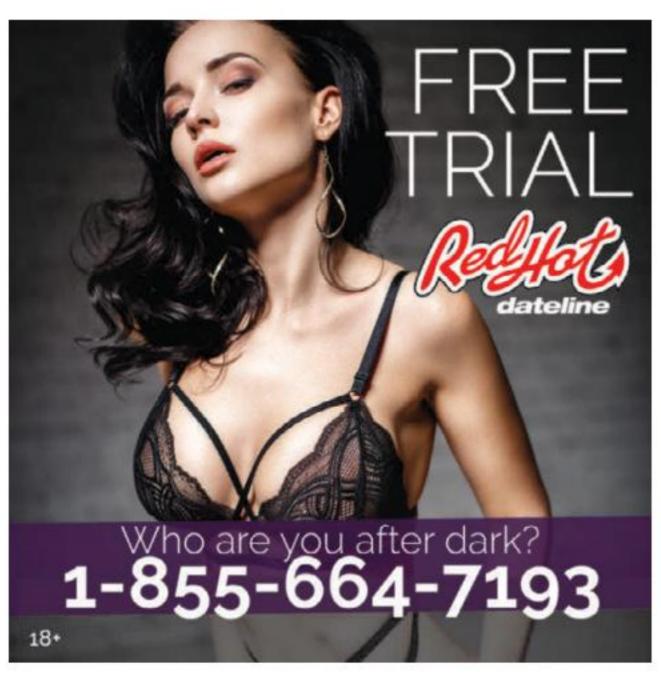




















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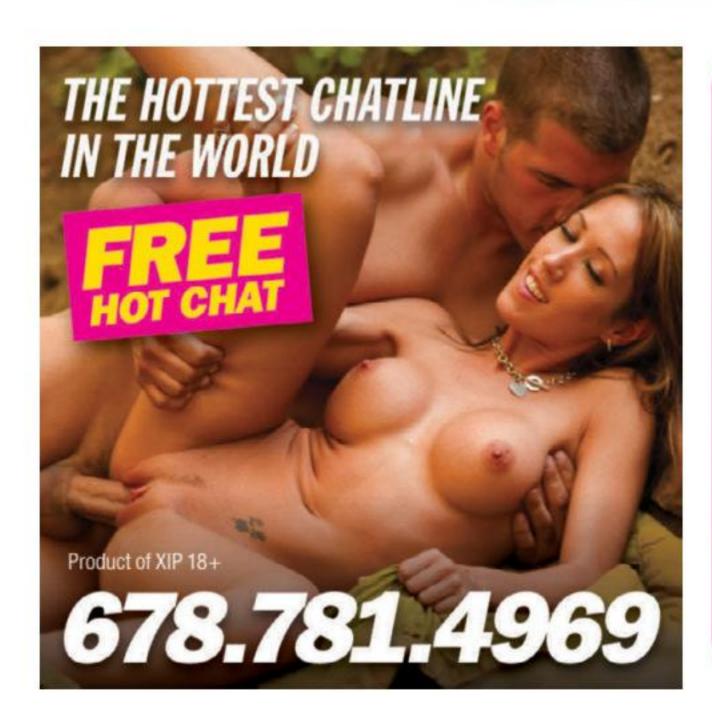
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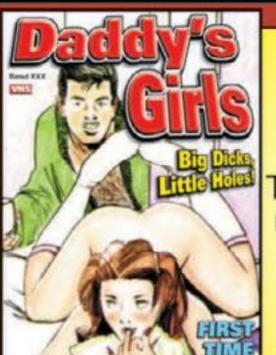






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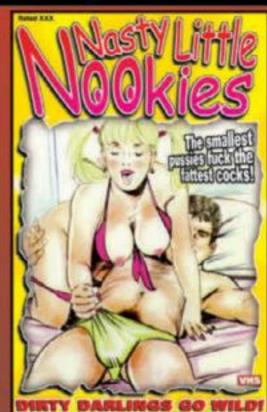
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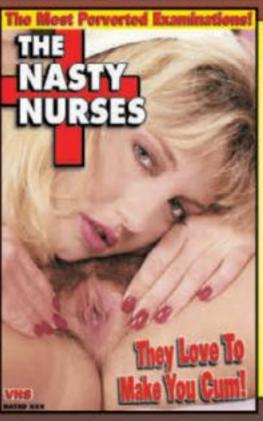
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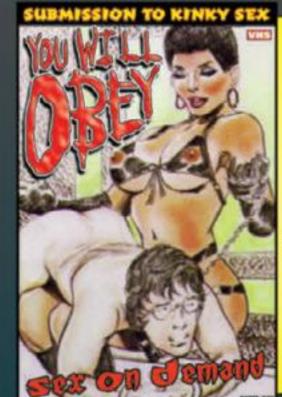
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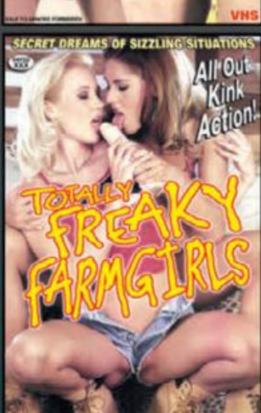
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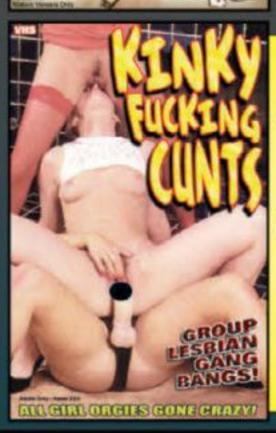
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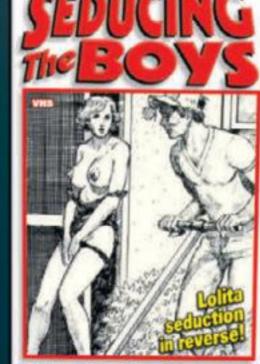
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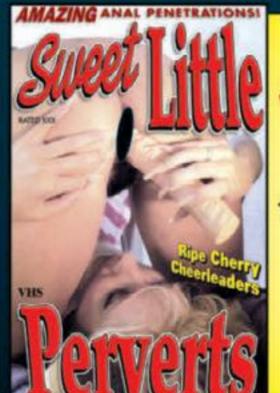
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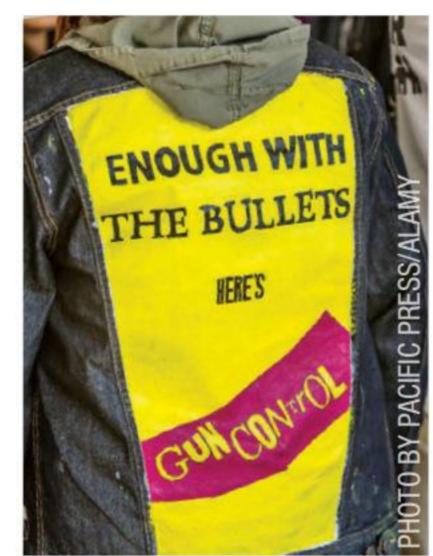


CHERIE DEVILLE

AVN's 2018 MILF Performer of the Year is also a physical therapist and a professional swing dancer. Oh, and she has her doctorate. In this very special Day in the Life DeVille teaches us how to achieve stronger hard-ons and more intense orgasms. Interview by Shane Andalou. Photography by Victor Lightworship.



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